



No. 473.—VOL. XXXVII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MAB PAUL,
PLAYING MELANTHO, ONE OF THE FAITHLESS HANDMAIDS, IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Our Ally, Japan—Japanese Feeling Towards Great Britain—A Mass-Meeting in Hong-Kong—The Ilbert Bill.

I WAS in Japan when the first of the steps by which the Land of the Rising Sun has established herself on the same level as European Powers was being warmly discussed by the diplomatists. It was in the 'eighties, and the Japanese, who were confident that they had found their feet in civilisation, were very anxious that the Consular Courts should be abolished. Any European who committed an offence in any part of Japan had to be brought down to the nearest Treaty Port and put on trial there before his own Consul. This was, of course, tantamount to saying that Japanese Magistrates and Judges could not be trusted with the liberties of subjects of European Powers. The Japanese closed the country outside the limits of the Treaty Ports to all foreigners unless they were provided with passports given by the Tokio authorities, and this meant delay to travellers who came to the country for pleasure and many hindrances to merchants who wished to go into the interior on business. When the white man was declared to be amenable to the justice of the yellow man, Japan knew that her moral stability was recognised, and to-day she knows that Great Britain has paid her the compliment of ranking her in the Far East as a powerful ally with whom gages regarding vital matters of international policy can be exchanged on equal terms. I do not wonder that the members of both Houses of the Japanese Parliament cheered loudly when the announcement of the Treaty was made, for it is a great landmark in the history of the nation.

The Japanese always have had a kindly feeling for the English, which has shown itself in many ways. The Japanese Navy was organised on English lines, and before Japan had any real ships-of-war the scratch crews put on board the armed merchantmen, with which Japan more than once was on the point of trying conclusions with the Chinese men-of-war, tried to be as British as possible. An ex-P.-and-O. officer, who commanded one of these makeshift Japanese cruisers, and who was shadowed by a Chinese ship-of-war, sent his men to quarters, and was surprised to find that all his little Japanese tars stripped naked before they stood to their guns. He asked the reason of this, and was told by them that they had heard that Nelson's sailors always stripped before a fight and they were following a good example.

In Japan the arrangements as to the trial of Europeans by the Japanese worked so smoothly that there has never been any cause of complaint, but in other Eastern lands this has not always been the case. Sir John Pope Hennessy was Governor of Hong-Kong about the time that the Japanese were establishing their right to be absolutely trusted, and he thought that the Chinese in Hong-Kong should in the same manner be given a greater share in the government of the island. The white inhabitants objected strongly to this, and called a mass-meeting in the Town Hall to record their objection to the Governor's policy. The yellow man, however, outwitted the white. He went in his thousands to the Town Hall an hour before the meeting was called, and when the English "Typans" and their clerks strolled down to the great white building they found it full to overflowing with pigtailed gentlemen who were busy passing votes of confidence in the Governor and all his acts. The Europeans, not to be outdone, held their meeting on the cricket-ground just outside the Town Hall and passed their vote of censure in due form. Everybody concerned, including the Governor, saw the humorous side of the matter, and the two meetings acted as excellent safety-valves.

The British in India took the Ilbert Bill—dealing with the powers of native magistrates—a good deal more seriously, and Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the present Clerk of the House of Commons, who was then the Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council and who had to pilot the Bill until it became law, incurred a good deal of unmerited unpopularity, which he shared with Lord Ripon, the Viceroy of that period. Calcutta, the stronghold of British feeling, showed its disapproval in a remarkable way. It had always been the custom for the crack Volunteer mounted corps of the City of Palaces to escort the Viceroy from the railway-station to Government House on his return from "up-country," and the orders to meet Lord Ripon were issued by the Adjutant in the usual course. Only one trooper of the whole corps, however, appeared on parade, and Lord William Beresford, the "A.D.C." on duty, galloped as though riding for his life to fetch the Viceregal Bodyguard from their quarters, three miles away at Ballygunj, that the Viceroy might not enter his Capital without an escort. It was to calm the waters so badly ruffled by the Ilbert Bill and other advanced legislation, to settle matters with Abdur Rahman, who doubted the will of Great Britain to stand by him in case of trouble with Russia, and to warn the ruler of Upper Burmah that, if he intrigued against the Kaiser-i-Hind, his kingdom would very soon be included within the pink line on the map, that Lord Dufferin went out as Viceroy to India.

In all his splendid service to the Empire, Lord Dufferin never held a great post more perfectly than he did that of Governor-General of India. His perfect calm and suave courtesy, his happy phrases and flashes of wit, were exactly the qualities the natives considered the attributes of a really great man and which they looked on as indispensable in their rulers.

THE NATIONAL SKATING ASSOCIATION.

At the Championship Meeting, which was Graced by the Presence of the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, Last Week.

WHAT the Jockey Club is to racing and the "M.C.C." to cricket is what the "N.S.A.," as it delights to call itself, is to skating. In its three-and-twenty years of existence it has seen ups-and-downs of various sorts, but the enthusiasm of its leading members, men like Mr. C. W. Townley, Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., Mr. E. M. Syers, Mr. E. H. Vandervell, and Dr. Cunningham, of Cambridge, to name only a few of them, has carried it through good-fortune and ill-fortune to its present position, when it may look forward to a permanent and prominent existence. To this end, no doubt, His Majesty the King has contributed no little, for twenty years ago, as Prince of Wales, he consented to become a Patron, and he has shown the liveliest interest in the Society's well-being ever since—an interest which his presence last Thursday at the Figure-skating Competition shows is still unabated. Indeed, the King's visit was a peculiarly pleasant one to himself, for the last time he saw the Figure-skating Championship competed for the English representatives were nowhere, while this time they were very close indeed. This desirable result was due to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Syers, who were the first to take up pair-skating in England, having become converted to its charm from their visits to Continental skating resorts, where they could see it at its best, Vienna, it need hardly be said, being the capital in which it flourishes in greatest perfection.

Mrs. Syers, with her neat, petite figure, and her pretty, gracious appearance, makes an exceedingly attractive figure on the ice, and had the satisfaction of coming second to Mr. Ulrich Salchow, who this year, as last, won the World's Championship for figure-skating, though it must be acknowledged he won more easily from his fair competitor than he has ever done from those of his own sex. It is only some five years since Mrs. Syers commenced skating in the English style, and then she went to Davos, where she saw the best of the international skaters. Both she and Mr. Syers were so struck with the greater grace and charm of their skating over the English style, with its straight employed and bent unemployed leg, that they took it up and have practised hard at it every winter since. Last winter they won the pair-skating in Copenhagen and were second out of eleven entries in Stockholm, while they have won several prizes elsewhere. Mr. Syers is equally remarkable as his wife, for, though he had been used to racing on the ice, he did not take up figure-skating until he was over thirty, an age at which most people are leaving it off. The second couple in the competition were Mr. Soldan and Miss Sjöberg, the latter a young lady still in her early teens, so that she is likely to develop into an extraordinary performer on the steel-shod boot, for she has been skating ever since she was a little child. The third couple of the contest were Mr. Gordan and Miss Weingartner.

The Champion, Mr. Ulrich Salchow, is a typical Swede, with fair colouring, and keen eyes looking out of a face which has all the strength of the athlete. Though he has been skating for twelve years, five of which have been devoted to competing in great international events, he is only twenty-four, for he took up the pastime in which he is supreme as a schoolboy. Perhaps some of his exceptional skill may be traced to the fact that he never has gone in for skating for speed. In 1897, when he was nineteen, he was second in the World's Championship, and in the following year he won the European Championship, but did not compete for the World's. In 1899 he again won the European Championship, with Hügel as second, but, two weeks later, the positions were reversed in the encounter for the World's Championship. In 1900 this state of things was repeated. Last year, however, he won the World's Championship at Stockholm, Fuchs being second, as Hügel did not compete, and, later on in the season, he won another great international race at Helsingfors, and a third in St. Petersburg, Fuchs being second both times. Last month, at Davos, he competed for the Grand Prix de Davos and again beat Fuchs. The competition between them has always been very close, for Fuchs, Hügel, and Salchow are essentially of the same class and only a few marks ever separate the winner from the next man. After his brilliant exhibition before the King, Mr. Salchow received an invitation to skate at Cambridge, and his exhibition last Friday was received with the warmest demonstrations of approval. It is worth noting that all these skaters are amateurs, in the fullest and best sense of the word, and therefore do not receive payment for their skill.

A CORRECTION.

Two valued correspondents point out that Knebworth, the Earl of Lytton's famous country seat, was not built—as was stated in *The Sketch* last week—by the first Earl, but is of much anterior date. Knebworth, in fact, dates from Tudor days, but many additions and improvements were made to the original building by the great novelist-peer.

Mr. Seymour Hicks tells me that, now the children have gone back to school, he is gradually converting "Blue-Bell," at the Vaudeville, into a musical comedy of a high-class type for "grown-ups." Any *Sketch* readers who have not yet heard Miss Ellaline Terriss sing "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" have a treat in store.



VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO NIAGARA SKATING-RINK.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATERS RECORDED BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

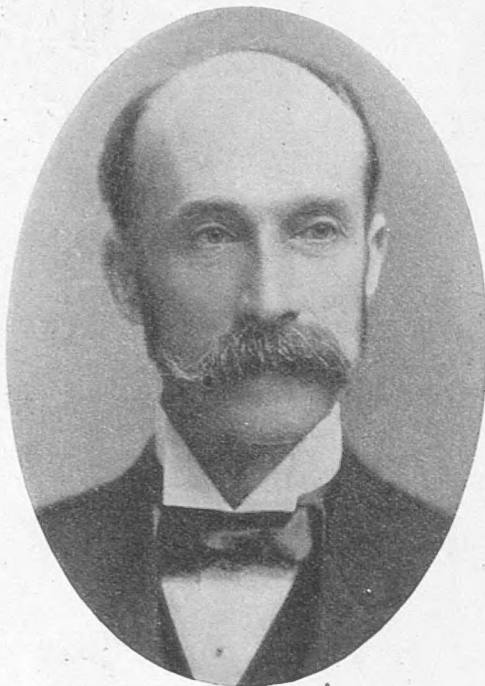
The King's First Levée—Mr. Chamberlain in the City—A Great Reception—Our Japanese Allies.

SHROVE TUESDAY saw the first of the King's Levées, and as early as half-past ten a goodish crowd began to collect near Buckingham Palace to see the King. As the ceremony took place in St. James's Palace, the drive was a very short one, and so we had to squeeze into the space at the bottom of St. James's Street. We had to wait an hour and a-quarter, and then the King drove out of Marlborough House gates with Prince Charles of Denmark. The King was dressed in his Field-Marshal's uniform and looked as well as ever. In fact, I think he has taken a new lease of life since he has come to the Throne.

I do not think that I have seen such a crowd as received Mr. Chamberlain in the City last Thursday since the German Emperor went to the Mansion House, a good many years ago now. Cheapside and King Street were packed as close as they would hold, and people began to gather a couple of hours before there was anything to be seen except some of the minor City officials in their robes. The Lord Mayor got a splendid reception, and so did Mr. Balfour, who drove up shortly afterwards; but, as the other Ministers and celebrities were in closed carriages, we could not make out who they were, and so they passed unnoticed.

But Mr. Chamberlain, who was, of course, in an open carriage, was greeted with a storm of enthusiasm, and, if any man deserves such a welcome, the Colonial Secretary does. It does a man no harm, but rather the contrary, with "The Man in the Street" that he should be wantonly abused, especially by the enemies of England. What is more, we all love a good fighting-man, and we like the way in which "Joe" stands up to his vilifiers. And that is why we went out to cheer him.

"The Man in the Street" will have to rectify his idea of the Japanese, which, I fear, is chiefly founded on Japanese fans, "The Mikado," and "The Geisha." The China-Japanese War came as a surprise to most of us who have never been out of Western Europe, and now the fact that the Japanese are our allies, with the knowledge that they are splendid fighters both by sea and land, gives one the idea that we have been a little off the rails. Japan has always been popular in England, and our policy and aims in the Far East seem to be the same, so that it is to be hoped we have secured peace in that distant part of the world. The Japanese Minister, Baron Hayashi, who signed the Treaty with Lord Lansdowne, is unknown to "The Man in the Street"; but he is said to be a very charming gentleman. It is a pity that Japan is so far off and that we have little chance of making the acquaintance of any of our new allies.



[Photograph by Russell.]

LORD LANSDOWNE,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHO JOINTLY SIGNED THE TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND JAPAN.



[Photograph by Lafayette.]

BARON HAYASHI,
JAPANESE MINISTER IN LONDON.

Champion Marcella, another splendid mastiff. Each was also the winner of a forty-guinea Challenge Cup and a New Century Shield.

The Duchess of Newcastle carried off Champion honours for Borzoi dogs with her well-known Champion Velsk, and Mrs. Kilvert's Knocas that for the opposite sex. Pretty Mrs. Borman was second to the Clumber representative with her handsome and most typical Borzoi, Champion Statesman. She was also the winner of second prizes with her Shyllock and Ramsden Ambassador, and of a first with her young bitch, Songbird.

Irish Wolfhounds were among the sensations of this Show, and never before has such a grand lot been benched. Champion honours were awarded to Mr. R. T. Martin's grand grey brindle, Marquis of Donegal, and to Mrs. Arthur Gerrard's Sheila of Kidnal, a lovely wheaten-coloured hound, Mrs. Gerrard being the proud breeder of both. Each stands over thirty-three inches high at the shoulder. Another sensational Irish Wolfhound was Mrs. H. Compton's black-and-tan dog, Wolfe Tone, who followed the Irish Champion close home in all his classes. Lady Kensington was another exhibitor in this handsome, most faithful, and affectionate breed.

Toy-dogs were benched in a smaller hall, which was comfortably heated and prettily decorated. Pomeranians and Pugs were the breeds most strongly represented. Mrs. Hall Walker owned the winning team of "Poms," and took several prizes with her lovely golden-sable Gatacre Lupino, her wolf-coloured Dainty Belle, and her shaded-blue Gatacre Grey Dawn. Among the Pomeranians who here made their first appearance in the Show-ring were a charming pair of Browns—Thirlsmere Chota, a lovely even brown, very small and heavily coated; the other was Miss Ada de Pass's Brown Bunnie.



[From a Photograph.]

CHAMPION GATACRE LUPINO.



[Photograph by Findlow and Co.]

CHAMPION MARCELLA.



[Photograph by Findlow and Co.]

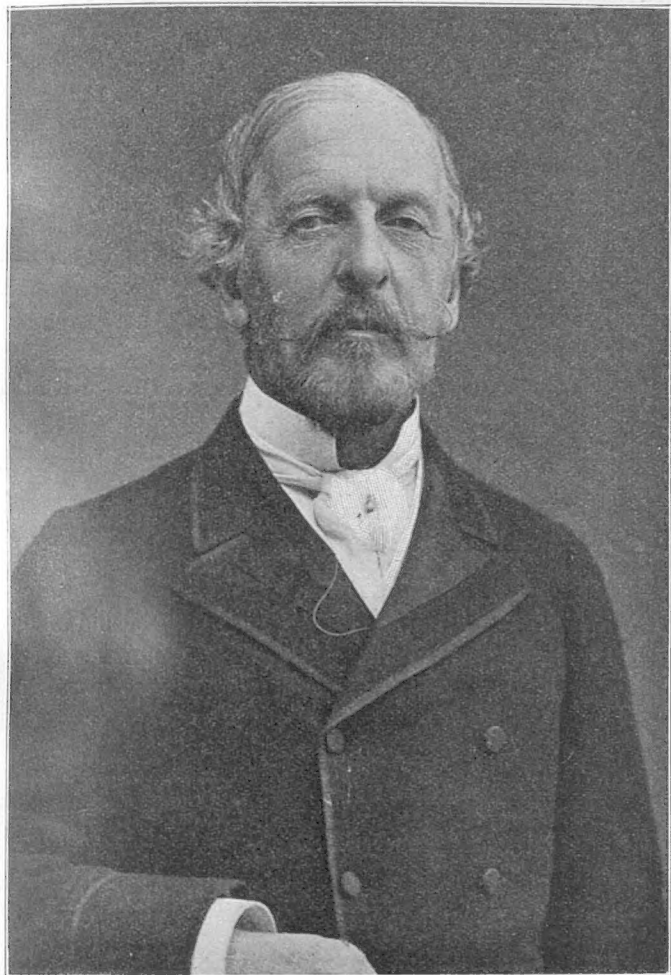
CHAMPION BLACK ANTHONY.

SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Incidents in the Life of the Most Distinguished Diplomat of Our Time.

"MAID-OF-ALL-WORK to British Governments" was the way in which the late Marquis of Dufferin once described himself. How thoroughly he deserved the title, reference to any book containing the appointments he held will show. Perhaps there was in the epithet a certain acidity, but most people contented



THE LATE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., P.C.
Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

themselves with admiring the cleverness and ignoring the subsequent flavour. At the chief Capitals of Europe he was Ambassador, while he ruled the two greatest dependencies of the Empire, for Australasia had scarcely dreamed of being federated when he was Governor-General of Canada, or even Viceroy of India, a dozen years later.

His wit came naturally to him as a direct inheritance from his mother, who was Sheridan's grand-daughter. She always declared that she was the unimportant member of her family, for her sisters were Lady Seymour and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. "You see," she used to remark, "Georgy is the beauty and Carry is the wit. I ought to be good, but I am not." Good, beautiful, and witty, however, she happened to be, and, in addition, she did for the State what they did not—she had a son who was for a long time regarded as our only diplomat. A maid-of-all-work is notoriously one who does many things and does them all badly. In that respect the deceased Peer libelled himself, for, though he did many things, he did them all well. He spoke well, he wrote well, he acted well—acting not on the mimic but on the real stage of life. In this last respect, his great tact, coupled with a rapidly working brain, showed just what he should do, when he should do it, and how he should do it to make his action unerring. A brilliant example of this was shown when he was Ambassador at Rome. He had to call on Signor Crispi, and when he arrived the great Italian statesman was sitting at a table. "Good-morning," he said, and waved his hand to Lord Dufferin, without getting up. "Good-morning," replied Lord Dufferin, and remained where he was standing. Another exchange of greeting and another wave of the hand followed from the Italian statesman. Another stare, and still the English Ambassador remained framed in the doorway. Crispi looked up

for the third time. Then he got up. Lord Dufferin, without a word, had carried his point, and the Minister advanced to receive the diplomat.

Lord Dufferin wrote well. He was only twenty when he went to Ireland, and in the following year his first book came out, "A Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen in the Year of the Irish Famine, by Lord Dufferin and the Hon. G. F. Boyle." He saw—for he had eyes that looked beneath the surface—and the distress of Ireland conquered. When the relief fund was opened, a thousand pounds was sent "from an Irish landlord, for Skibbereen." It was typical of the man that he said so little of what he had done that only a year or two less than a quarter of a century elapsed before it was accidentally discovered who that Irish landlord was.

Ireland and the Irish Question interested him greatly, and in 1867 he published his book on "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland," while subsequently he made a book of other pamphlets on the Irish Land Question, extending from 1870 to 1878, which attracted a great deal of attention. When he went to Iceland, he published his "Letters from High Latitudes," and, if he had chosen, he could easily have won a place among the writers of his time.

One of his first appointments was as Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, a post to which he was first appointed in 1849, and which he subsequently held from 1854 to 1858, winning the high esteem of both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. It was, no doubt, on account of the regard in which he was held by Her late Majesty that he was selected to move the address of condolence in the House of Lords after the death of the Prince Consort.

In all his wanderings, he himself used to say that the happiest days of his life were spent in Calcutta. He went about in the sun with what seemed an utter disregard of consequences. One day, a friend ventured to remonstrate with him. "It's all the fault of the Government," he replied. "They always sent me to cold places. First, they sent me as Viceroy to Canada, where I had to live two-thirds of the year in buffalo-robos. Then they sent me to St. Petersburg, where I had to hibernate like a bear. When they told me I had to go to India, I clapped my hands and said to myself, 'Ah! now I can hang myself up to dry!'" And hang himself up to dry he certainly did.

Nearly forty years ago, he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Archibald Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, County Down. In all his wanderings Lady Dufferin accompanied him, and did much to make his position as Ambassador popular. She herself has wielded an able pen and has published several books.

Five years ago, he retired, full of honours. Those years which should have been full of peace and quiet joy were overborne with strife, with sadness, and with sorrow. His eldest son died in Ladysmith in 1900, and his financial position was seriously affected by his association with what are for the sake of brevity referred to as the "Whitaker-Wright Companies," though not so very many years ago he said, "I know not the mysteries of the Stock Exchange and the subterranean machinations of the bull and bear." That the worry incidental to his association with these concerns helped to bring about his end, no one can reasonably doubt, but his association with them brought no blemish to his name, which will always shine resplendently as that of an honest man, as it will scintillate as that of a great servant of the Empire.



THE BURIAL-GROUND AT CLONDEBOY WHERE LORD DUFFERIN LIES. IT IS SITUATED ON THE SPOT WHERE STOOD ONCE AN ANCIENT IRISH KATH, OR FORT.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King in Staffordshire.

The King has no more loyal county than hard-working Staffordshire, and His Majesty, when staying at Trentham, once placed it on record that he always enjoyed a visit to the "Potteries." It is to be hoped that our good tectotal friends will not feel grieved when they learn of the Sovereign's visit of inspection to the famous Bass Brewery at Burton-on-Trent. Lord Burton, the King's host at Rangemore Park, is in no sense ashamed of his intimate connection with beer, indeed, he is very proud of it. He and Lady Burton have placed their beautiful town mansion, Chesterfield House, at the disposal of their Majesties for the accommodation of Coronation guests.

The King's presence at Niagara last Thursday must have given satisfaction not only to those skaters who had the honour of indulging in their favourite form of amusement before their Sovereign, but also to all those who delight in the most healthful form of outdoor exercise. As a young man, King Edward was a very good skater, and the Queen really excelled on the ice. Indeed, the art—for art it is—is one dear to most Danes, many of whom could give points to even Dutch enthusiasts.

The Coronation is still, and likely to remain, the one great subject of discussion. It is said that a serious effort will be made to ensure the presence of representative members of every rank and section of society. In any case, it seems clear that the King does not wish the function to be simply treated as a Royal and social event. Again, on this occasion at least, the title "wife" will be held in high honour. The wives of the Members of Parliament and the wives of elder sons of Peers are one and all to be honoured with a card of invitation. Each religious body will be represented, if it be so willing.

The story goes that one day, when our present Monarch was a very little boy, he was heard confiding to some kind friend that he thought "Mamma might have asked us to her Coronation!" With more reason, Prince Edward, were he left out of the great pageant, might address a similar reproach to his august grandfather. What could be more charming than would be the sight presented by the little Prince attired in a miniature edition of the splendid costume worn by Princes of the Blood at former functions of the kind? That Prince Edward would play his part right gallantly, none who have ever seen him at a public ceremony can doubt. The fact that Peers who are minors will be allowed to be present is confidently announced, and, if this is indeed so, Prince Edward has even more right to be present at the great pageant than they.

An Interesting Wedding.

One of the last smart weddings that will take place in town until after Easter was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, S.W., on the 10th inst., when the Hon. Alice Grosvenor, Lord and Lady Ebury's pretty daughter, was wedded to the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P., the clever son of Lord and Lady Wimborne. The church was crowded with a distinguished congregation, and the nuptial ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London, who was assisted by several other clergy. Lord Ebury gave his daughter away, and Mr. Claude

Lowther, M.P., supported the bridegroom as best man, while the church was tastefully decorated with white lilies and palms and the service fully choral.

The bride's wedding-dress was of white satin covered with embroidered lisse, her veil being of old Brussels lace (lent by her mother), and her bouquet of white exotics tied with satin streamers. Following her came no fewer than fourteen bridesmaids—namely, Lady Mary Grosvenor, Lady Lettice Grosvenor, Lady Isabel Innes-Ker, Lady Edith Villiers, Lady Juliette Lowther, Lady Muriel Erskine, the Hon. Alix Fellowes, the Hon. Ethel Gerard, the Hon. Marjory Coke, the Hon. Irene Ponsonby, Miss A. Guest, Miss Susan Grosvenor, Miss Rosamond Grosvenor, and Miss Magdalen Talbot—who wore dresses of pale-blue and white chiffon copied from a picture by Romney, and, instead of hats, each wore a wisp of pale-blue and white tulle in her hair. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the army of wedding-guests adjourned to 32, Green Street, Park Lane, where Lady Ebury held a brilliant reception during the afternoon. Later in the day, the Hon. Ivor and Mrs. Guest departed for Canford Manor, Wimborne, where they are spending the honeymoon. The presents were magnificent.



THE HON. ALICE GROSVENOR, MARRIED TO THE HON. IVOR GUEST AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON SQUARE, S.W., ON FEB. 10.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

of the pneumatic tyre, to open the large Motor and Cycle Show in Glasgow. Mr. Dunlop's effigy stamped on the Dunlop tyre is whirled round on cycles in all parts of the world. It was while engaged as a veterinary surgeon near Belfast that he built himself an air-wheel from ordinary thin rubber sheets, with rubber valve and plug. His patent dates from 1888. When the Company formed to make the Dunlop tyre sold their interest in the concern in 1896, it was worth about £3,000,000. Now, Mr. Dunlop, still a pioneer, comes forward on behalf of the motor, and does not curse it so loudly as Mr. Joseph Pennell. Within the last two years, Mr. Dunlop said, autocars had been made much more reliable. The most silent marketable petrol-car in the world, he believed, was made in Glasgow.

It was a happy thought to ask Mr. J. B. Dunlop, inventor

Sir Anthony Weldon's Wedding.

Another smart wedding took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Tuesday, the 11th, the bridegroom being Major Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart., of the Leinsters, who won the "D.S.O." in South Africa, and the bride Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers, daughter of the late Colonel Varty-Rogers and Mrs. Varty-Rogers, of Boxmore Park, Hants. The bridegroom's uncle, the Rev. Dr. Burton Weldon, officiated, and Lord Cardigan acted as best man. Very pretty and graceful looked the young bride in her wedding-dress of Brussels lace over satin, while the lovely long Court-train of brocade was fastened from one shoulder by a large diamond buckle. She was given away by her brother-in-law, Major G. Elliot Pyle, and was attended by two small bridesmaids and two little pages, the former in Kate Greenaway frocks of white satin and carrying large Granny muffs of ermine, and the latter looking brave in white satin Court-suits and three-cornered hats to match. Mrs. Varty-Rogers afterwards welcomed the numerous wedding-guests at 20, Wilton Crescent, and early in the afternoon Sir Anthony and Lady Weldon left for Paris. A large number of beautiful wedding-presents were received by the happy couple.

An Easter Bride. Lady Evelyn Giffard, the charming only daughter of the Lord Chancellor and of Lady Halsbury, will be one of the smartest of Easter brides, and her marriage to her cousin, also a scion of the famous legal house which has produced so many remarkable men and women, will probably be an exceptionally brilliant political and social function. Lord and Lady Halsbury have friends in every Party, and, it may almost be said, in every section of the London world. Lady Evelyn, like so many modern girls, is accomplished in more than one direction. She is an admirable amateur actress, and never happier than when she is treading the boards. Lady Evelyn is a constant visitor to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons and to the Peeresses' Gallery of the House of Lords, and, as her father is to play so great a rôle at the Coronation, it is almost certain that she will be one of those fortunate ladies to be favoured with an invitation to take a seat in the Abbey, even if she has no actual right to be present at the ceremony.



LADY EVELYN GIFFARD (DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HALSBURY),
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO HER COUSIN HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

"The King's Race-horses."

Mr. John Long announces for early publication an *édition de luxe* which all sportsmen would, no doubt, like to obtain, but the limited number to be printed will render this possible to only a few. "The King's Race-horses: a History of the Connection of His Majesty King Edward VII. with the National Sport," has been written by Mr. Edward Spencer, and its subject goes even farther than the title implies, for Chapter I.,



Photograph by Bassano.]

MAJOR SIR ANTHONY WELDON, BART., D.S.O.



Photograph by Lattie Charles.

MISS WINIFRED VARTY-ROGERS.

MARRIED AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON SQUARE, S.W., ON FEB. 11.

"Royalty on the Turf," deals with the sporting Monarchs of England from Henry II. downwards. With nineteen photogravures, including a hand-coloured plate showing the King's jockey mounted on Diamond Jubilee, and a special photograph of His Majesty, the signed and numbered Japanese vellum edition (limited to fifty copies), together with a duplicate set of plates for framing, should soon be subscribed for. Another edition of three hundred copies is to be printed on hand-made paper and published at a lower price.

The Statesman of the Day.

The honour paid to Mr. Chamberlain by the City has increased his prestige. It reflects, moreover, the sentiments of the people. His position in Parliament is higher now than ever it was before. Not only is he the ablest debater and the most interesting controversialist, but he is the most dominating figure. His presence or his absence makes more difference to the House than that caused by any other man. If there were a vacancy in the Prime Ministership now, Mr. Chamberlain's claims, in the event of their being pressed, could scarcely be resisted. The German Chancellor's attack has, by the irony of popular sentiment, done him immense personal service.

Our Foreign Minister.

Lord Lansdowne is a Foreign Secretary of the most correct type. His despatch to the Dutch was a model of diplomatic courtesy, and everyone has been impressed by the secrecy and skill with which he has made a historic treaty with Japan. In this talking age, our Foreign Office, under a firm head, can be silent. Lord Lansdowne is personally unknown to "The Man in the Street." His qualities are not of the popular sort. He is cold in speech and manner and adheres to the old diplomacy. While Viceroy of India he made a great reputation, and soon after coming home he entered the Coalition Cabinet. The War Office seemed too much for him, but his administration of Foreign Affairs has been steadily successful. As he is only fifty-seven, he may have opportunities yet to reach the highest post.

The Unionist Rebels.

Faithful Ministerialists are irritated when colleagues attack the Government from behind. Others think that candid friends perform a useful though disagreeable function. Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has carried candour as far as friendship even will permit, and when he is snubbed and scolded he stiffens his neck. Another "Thomas," Mr. Thomas Wallace Russell, has brought a follower from Ulster to the green benches. The Whips are apparently trying to drive "T. W." out of the Ministerial Party, but he remains a Unionist and he has the tenacity of the Scottish race to which he belongs. Was not his mother a Wallace? "T. W." will assist Mr. Bowles and Mr. Churchill in preventing the Unionist Party from being dull. There are plenty of docile men in the House.

Mr. Turner's English Opera Company has appeared at the Standard Theatre in Balfe's "Rose of Castile."

The King and Queen of Italy.

In connection with the thirtieth birthday just attained by the lovely Queen Helena of Italy, I am enabled to give Her Majesty's very latest portrait, together with that of her martial Consort (on pages 178 and 179), taken in commemoration of the event. That of the Queen has an additional interest by being the first taken of her since the birth of her infant daughter, the little Princess Yolande, of whom I recently published a charming picture in her cradle, taken by her Royal mother, who, *en passant*, is, like Queen Alexandra, an enthusiastic amateur photographer. Thus, her album, which is jealously guarded from "outsiders," is a veritable pictorial record of her life as Princess of Naples and Queen of Italy, not to mention her earlier one as Princess of Montenegro. Her Majesty, too, is at the present moment the object of even more than ordinary interest and sympathy among the Italian people, as it is fervently hoped that in the not far-distant future the warm-hearted Southerners will have an opportunity of demonstrating their loyalty in welcoming the birth of an heir to the Italian Throne. Therefore, in consequence of the delicate state of the Queen's health, there will be no Court balls at the Quirinal this season, but, indeed, this will redouble private enterprise in festivities. Queen Helena has a bevy of equally beautiful

Two Sister Brides-Elect.

The engagements of Sir Henry Fowler's gifted daughters, the one to a popular clergyman at Wolverhampton, the other to one of the bride-elect's oldest friends, has naturally aroused great interest in political and literary circles. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is, in her way, almost as popular a novelist as Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine. The authoress of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "A Double Thread," and "The Farringtons" was well known as a brilliant and witty conversationalist before she became famous, in a wider sense, as a popular novelist. Of late years, her sister, Miss Edith Fowler, has also made a considerable reputation, especially among Nonconformist readers, her latest story having been published as a serial in the *Woman at Home*. One of her previous novels, "A Corner of the West," was a charming little story; indeed, there are some readers who actually prefer her quieter work to the more brilliant social studies of her elder sister. It rarely happens that the engagement of two sisters is announced simultaneously. The two Miss Fowlers, however, have always been so devoted to each other that their friends can but congratulate them very heartily on having attained such a delightful solution to the problem which must often haunt the near members of a devoted family circle. Much more might be said than is usually the case concerning



MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, THE DISTINGUISHED NOVELIST.



MISS EDITH FOWLER, A TALENTED WRITER.

SIR HENRY FOWLER'S GIFTED DAUGHTERS, BOTH OF WHOM ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

sisters, namely, the Princess Militza, the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia, Princess Stana, the Duchess George of Leuchtenberg, Princess Romanoffsky, Princess Anna, Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg (sister-in-law of Princess Henry), and the Princesses Xenia and Vera, respectively twenty-one and fifteen years of age, yet unaffianced. Truly no Royal or Princely family in Europe can show such a galaxy of female loveliness as these daughters of the Black Mountains. It is, by the way, a pleasing coincidence that their national colours are like ours—red, white, and blue.

King Victor Emmanuel III., who, as may be observed, is growing more and more like his unfortunate father, is now in his thirty-third year, and is, as was the latter, adored by his subjects. In his tastes and habits he is extremely simple, and he has since his accession cut down the ruinous expenses of the Court all round. His "hobby" is numismatics, and he has the finest private collection of coins in the world—indeed, we are told that the most cherished betrothal-present of his beautiful bride to her fiancé was a collection of precious old Montenegrin coins. Within the last few weeks, it may be added, quite a wave of Anglophile enthusiasm has swept over Italy anent Mr. Chamberlain's announcement about Malta—in which the Italian King and Queen heartily share—a pleasant and gratifying incident in these days of universal hatred and envy of our nation.

that very real sisters' tragedy when marriage rudely breaks lifelong bonds and community of interest.

Tableaux Vivants at Liverpool.

A most artistic and interesting series of Tableaux Vivants was given at the St. Bede's Church Schools, Liverpool, the other day. Arranged by Mrs. Rentoul and Mrs. Kirby, with the artistic assistance of Mr. King, the entertainment was eminently successful, and a large audience testified warm approval of the efforts of the organisers. The first seven pictures were, appropriately enough, devoted to depicting various scenes in the life of the Saint whose name the church bears. The second set of five tableaux spelt the word "Vicar," and here *The Sketch* was honoured in having the first two letters illustrated by representations of drawings from its Christmas Number. One by Mr. R. Pannett, re-christened "Vanity," gave the key-letter; then followed Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Ice Queen." Both were exceedingly effective, though, perhaps, the second gave greater scope for scenic picturesqueness. At any rate, it was universally pronounced to be the best tableau of the evening.

Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, which is to be published in March, is called "The Lady Paramount," and is said to be somewhat on the lines of his very popular story, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box."

Prince Henry's American Hostesses.

Prince Henry of Prussia, as was the then Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the United States, seems in a fair way to be killed with kindness. Six fair American dames belonging to the most exclusive inner circle of the "Four Hundred" have formed themselves into a Reception Committee. Their names are a sufficient guarantee of how splendidly the German Emperor's only brother will be entertained. First should surely be mentioned Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, formerly Miss Elsie French, whose romantic marriage to the heir of millions was, a short time ago, the talk of two continents. Then follow in close order three Goulds—Mrs. Edward Gould, once Katherine Clanmorris, noted for her cosmopolitan charm of manner; Mrs. Edwin Gould, "the most beautiful woman in America"; and Mrs. George Gould, the only one of these ladies, it is said, who has met the Prince before. Two members of the Van Alen family complete the imposing if small Committee. They are Miss May Van Alen, niece of Mrs. Astor and herself the daughter of a multi-millionaire, and Mrs. J. Laurence Van Alen, niece of Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt. One wonders what steps the Committee will take to dazzle and delight America's Imperial guest. Will he be entertained collectively or individually? In any case, he will miss one of the most pleasant people in the States, the eternally fascinating and charming "Summer Girl"; but, no doubt, she has her winter counterpart!

The production of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," at Oxford, in which Mr. George R. Foss has been coaching the University amateurs, recalls an interesting performance which, in those days of much clamouring for a theatre devoted to the higher walks of the drama, gave promise of evolving that very thing. The "Two Gentlemen" was the first performance in London of the then newly established Dramatic Students' Society, which was designed to produce little-known standard plays, and, in pursuance of that policy, it also gave "Love's Labour's Lost," Dryden's "Maiden Queen," Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man," Charles Lamb's "Mr. H.," &c. The cast of the "Two Gentlemen" was decidedly interesting, for Valentine was played by Mr. Bernard Gould, the Bernard Partridge of "Punch"; Proteus by Mr. Charles Fulton, the Zeus of "Ulysses"; Thurio by Mr. Mark Ambient, the author of

"A Little Ray of Sunshine"; the Duke by Mr. Charles Charrington; Launce by Mr. Ben Greet, of many travelling Companies fame; while Julia was played by Miss Annie Webster, and Silvia by Miss Rose Norreys, who developed into such a favourite that Mr. Pinero wrote "The School-mistress" for her. Miss Norreys now languishes with an overclouded brain in an asylum.

Madame Melba has completed arrangements for her appearance at Covent Garden Theatre during the forthcoming Season and will make her *rentrée* about May 20. She is at present singing in Monte Carlo, and, owing to the great success of "La Bohème" and the tremendous demand for seats, repeated her third performance of Mimi on Saturday last. She will be singing in "Rigoletto" on Wednesday and Saturday of this week.

The Popular Concerts last Saturday opened with a quartet in A-minor by Brahms, the executants being Willy Hess, M.M. Korner, Schwartz, Grutzmacher. M. Vladimir de Pachmann played a Rondo of Mozart, a novelty in these days, when the Grand Old Master is so neglected. Of course, some of Chopin's works were included, the Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29, and Nocturne in D-flat, Op. 27, No. 2. Mr. Plunket Greene was the vocalist and sang airs of Brahms, also melodies of Luard Selby and Villiers Stanford. The violin solo of Wieniawski was played with great brilliancy by Willy Hess. The quartet of Schumann, Op. 41, No. 3, concluded the concert.

Madame Carreno gave a pianoforte recital on Saturday by special request at Bechstein Hall. The Venezuelan pianist, one of the finest performers of the day, and not surpassed by any player living, was in fine form. She interpreted works of Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven, Schubert, Tschaiikowsky, and Macdowell. The latter is an American composer. His "Etude de Concert" is a clever piece and was much admired.

Miss Nielsen, the American artiste who was very successful in "The Fortune-Teller" at the Shaftesbury, appeared last week at Queen's Hall for the first time. She has a light soprano voice, pure and fresh in quality, and her songs were well received. I do not think her rendering of "Hear Ye, Israel," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," was quite equal to other efforts; but Miss Nielsen is an attractive vocalist.



MRS. J. LAURENCE VAN ALEN.



MRS. EDWIN GOULD



MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.



MRS. GEORGE GOULD.



MISS MAY VAN ALEN.



MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

SOME OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA'S MULTI-MILLIONED AMERICAN HOSTESSES.

Photographs by Gribayedoff, Paris.

The Kaiser's Jubilee.

The German Emperor has just celebrated yet another Jubilee (writes my Berlin Correspondent). His Majesty is, indeed, most indefatigable in his strict attention to these public functions. The Jubilee in this case was in honour of the entrance of His Majesty as officer into the 1st Guards. As originally arranged, the Emperor was to have gone to Potsdam early on Sunday in order to attend the morning service in the Garrison Church there. As a matter of fact, His Majesty did not appear in Potsdam till three o'clock. I was at the station when he arrived, and was able to see his welcome by his Potsdam subjects. It was the most hearty imaginable. Although the ground was quite six inches thick with snow and the cold wind whistling from every side, some hundreds of people awaited their Emperor bareheaded. The Emperor was, as usual, very rapid in his movements. He drove at a sharp pace to the "Langer Stall," or Long Barn, where his splendid regiment of Guards was drawn up; passed his troops in review, made a stirring speech, speaking of the exploits of his regiment, bade the soldiers behave in the future as they had done in the past, and then drove away again, after first listening to a speech from the chief officer in command of the regiment and after receiving a perfect ovation in the way of deafening "Hochs" from the men, to the officers' casino. There a very good dinner was served in the officers' mess, and then a happy time was spent till long past midnight, when the Kaiser, together with his brother, Prince Henry, and the Crown Prince, repaired to the town castle in Potsdam to pass the night there. Altogether, not nearly that amount of prominence was given to the function that had been expected. Certainly a few Orders were distributed to the officers of the regiment; but, beyond that, there was nothing to mark this function from any other affair of the kind.

Little Prince Fritz, the eldest son of His Majesty's brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, was especially conspicuous amongst the officers present. Prince Fritz is only ten years old and is the youngest officer in the German Army. Prince Eitel Fritz was on this occasion promoted to be "Oberlieutenant," or Lieutenant of the first degree, in the German Army; he has therefore taken eight years and seven months to rise from being ordinary Lieutenant in the Army.

Snow in Berlin. Just when the inhabitants of Berlin were beginning to think that spring was really coming in with real earnest, a heavy snowstorm arrived—heavier by far than any that has occurred during the whole of this season. The country for miles round is over a foot deep in snow; sledge-bells are tinkling along all the streets, snow-ploughs are being used to clear the roads, telephonic communication has been in many places entirely interrupted, and over four thousand of Berlin's unemployed are rejoicing at again having work to do—and work there is in plenty to keep the roads and thoroughfares cleared. Skating, however, has been greatly spoilt by this fall, tobogganning is gaining the upper hand, and, if a sudden

thaw does not soon set in, wheels on carriages will soon be a forgotten sight, runners having taken their places almost without exception.

The New Berlin Elevated Railway.

Berlin's new Electric Railway is at last completed. The date of the opening was Feb. 12, but, as a matter of fact, journeys had been taken two or three days before by the many authorities of Berlin who were interested in its working. The greatest rate per hour is thirty miles. Of the three carriages in each train, two are third-class and are painted yellow, while the one in the centre is of the second-class and painted dark red. Passengers sit in two long rows, facing each other, and having their backs turned towards the windows—not a very brilliant arrangement. The second-class carriage contains forty-four seats, and the third-class thirty-nine and, in addition thereto, twenty-seven "Stehplätze," or room for twenty-seven persons standing.

The "Thierschutzverein," or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was unexpectedly favoured last Saturday with a visit from its Patroness, Princess Frederick Leopold (adds my Berlin Correspondent). Her Royal Highness paid a lengthy visit to the headquarters of this excellent institution, and promised to pay a further visit when the new premises are completed. I may add that the Princess, as well as all her children, is very fond of animals, and possesses a great number of all species of household pets. In the farmstead next the "Jagdschloss" in Klein Glienicke, where Her Royal Highness resides, are numerous fowls, geese, pheasants, two donkeys, many horses, and pigeons innumerable. The two little Princes take great delight in paying visits to the animals and feeding them after their morning lessons.

German Plays "Kabale und Liebe," which held the bill at St. George's Hall last week, is one of Schiller's early works. It is not necessary to go into the plot of a drama probably well known to all students of the classics, but a word or two must be said in praise of the acting. The cast included Miss Emilie Stark, Max Eissfeldt, Max Behrend,

Alfred Schmieden, and Miss Tita Brand, a new-comer in the ranks of the German players. Miss Emilie Stark depicted most successfully the girlishness and innocence of Schiller's heroine, Luise, and was particularly remarkable for her pathetic acting of the scene in which, under the most terrible compulsion, she writes the letter that is bound to cause her lover to believe her false. Those who remember Max Behrend in the rôle of Mephistopheles in "Faust" can imagine how admirably the character of Wurm, the sly and base confidant, suited him; but Alfred Schmieden, as the villainous Präsident von Walter, was somewhat too violent. All the minor parts were also especially well played.

The famous pianist, Busoni, and the equally popular violinist, Ysaye, were heard on Saturday at Queen's Hall. These celebrated performers attracted a large audience, their admirers being most enthusiastic.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT (DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES), WHO IS TO LAUNCH THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT ON THE 26TH INST.

Copyright Photograph by Francis B. Johnston.

General French's Family.

Lieutenant-General Sir John French, K.C.B. (who, when he can be spared from his arduous duties in South Africa, is destined to command the troops at Aldershot), has been married for two-and-twenty years. Lady French is the daughter of Mr. R. W. Selby-Lowndes, of Elmers, Bletchley. She has always taken great interest in everything appertaining to her husband's profession, and in the different garrisons in which she has been stationed from time to time her name is remembered with gratitude, on account of the ceaseless endeavours she has made to improve the conditions of the wives and families of the rank-and-file. Lady French's two sons, Mr. John French and Mr. Gerald French, and her daughter, Miss Essex French, are included in the accompanying photographs. Although well known in London, they are all very fond of a country life, being, like the distinguished



MISS ESSEX FRENCH,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF GENERAL SIR J. D. P. FRENCH.
Photograph by Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

General, much addicted to outdoor pursuits. Miss French, for example, is an excellent horsewoman, while the two sons are both keen sportsmen.

The late Mr. Savile Gore.

A large number of relatives and friends will mourn the untimely death, through typhoid fever, at Melbourne, Australia, of Mr. Savile Lumley Gore, only son of Colonel Charles Gore, of Wilton Crescent. On Tuesday, the 4th inst., his father received a cablegram from the Premier and Members of the Commonwealth informing him of his loss and tendering their deep condolence. This was the first intimation Colonel Gore possessed of even the illness of his son, as a cablegram sent previously did not arrive until he had received the fatal news. Mr. Savile Gore, who was Assistant Private Secretary to the Earl of Hopetoun, was exceedingly gifted, being a linguist of unusual merit, and conversant with such invaluable aids to secretarial work as shorthand and typing. In his chief's words, he was "an ideal Secretary." In addition, he was a clever draughtsman, and at Eton passed third out of eight hundred in the College drawing-class. On both sides relatives distinguished in official life predicted a brilliant career for him, and much sympathy is felt for his family, who are overwhelmed with their loss. Colonel Charles Gore is a son of the late General the Hon. Sir Charles Gore, G.C.B., a brother of the late Earl of Arran and of Lady Cecilia Gore, Duchess of Inverness, who for a brief time after her marriage to a son of George III. was accorded the rank and precedence of a Royal Princess as Duchess of Sussex. She was subsequently created a Duchess in her own right, and lies buried with His Royal Highness at Kensal Green. She and Sir Charles belonged to a family of no less than fourteen children. Colonel Charles Gore, late



THE LATE MR. C. SAVILE LUMLEY GORE.



LADY FRENCH,
WIFE OF GENERAL SIR J. D. P. FRENCH.
Photograph by Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

Derelict." Her latest work, "A Daughter of England," which has just been published by Mr. John Long, is an interesting and eminently readable tale, setting forth the life and adventures of a certain Miss Alice Carnegie Bamfield (the particular Daughter of England) up to her marriage with the man she loves—on the last page but one this personage turns out to be an Earl. At the beginning of the story, Alice is a member of the family of a miser; about the middle of the novel, she inherits the whole of the miser's wealth; at its close, she marries a Peer. You should read Miss Crommelin's book.

Royal Irish Rifles, is one of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. He married a daughter of Mr. and Lady Louisa Cator. Their son was in his twenty-sixth year, and was most popular with all classes with whom, in the discharge of the delicate duties as right-hand man to the Governor-General, he was brought in contact.

The late Bishop of Pretoria.

The death of the Right Rev. Henry Brougham Bousfield, Bishop of Pretoria, in his seventieth year is particularly regrettable at the present juncture, when his long experience of life in Pretoria might have proved invaluable to the British Government and to his Church. An old Merchant Taylors' boy and an Exhibitioner of Caius College, Cambridge, he was ordained in 1855, and, after holding various clerical positions in Hampshire, he was, twenty-four years ago, appointed first Bishop of Pretoria. He was thus destined to witness the rise and fall of the Krugorian oligarchy.



MR. GERALD FRENCH,
YOUNGER SON OF GENERAL SIR J. D. P. FRENCH.
Photograph by Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

Tommy Atkins has had many champions who have more or less effectively taken up the cudgels in his defence of late. He himself has been too busy to attend to the matter. The Chairman of the Invasion Losses Commission in South Africa states that, though some nine thousand witnesses of all classes and various nationalities have been examined, not one case has been brought before them of personal violence to a non-combatant by a man wearing the British uniform. Mr. Justice Phillimore at the Berkshire Winter Assizes at Reading the other day, in saying some very gratifying things concerning the freedom from crime of the county, pointed to the fact that the Epiphany Quarter Sessions were absolutely free from a charge of any sort, and went on to say that, when he reflected that there were in the neighbourhood the barracks at Tilehurst, the garrison at Windsor, and the great camp at Aldershot, close on the southern border of the county, and remembered that the soldiers in those various dépôts, barracks, and camps had produced no criminals either for the Quarter Sessions or the Assizes, he emphatically emphasised the indignation universally felt at the unfounded charges which had been made against the British soldier.

The novels of Miss May Crommelin are already well known to a large circle of readers. Perhaps the best of these stories were "The Luck of a Highland Laddie" and "A Woman-



LIEUTENANT J. R. L. FRENCH,
ELDER SON OF GENERAL SIR J. D. P. FRENCH.
Photograph by Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

A Sartorial Riot. Since the Prince de Sagan disappeared from the scene as the Beau Brummel of Paris (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), no one has risen to take his place. Paul Deschanel, the Chairman of the Chamber of Deputies, was regarded as possible on one side, and Le Bargy, of the Comédie-Française, on the other. Deschanel was married in a frock-coat instead of the traditional evening-dress, and since then no one knows what to wear at a wedding. To-day the question has arrived at straining-point, but, judging from recent morning functions I have attended, the frock-coat will oust the prehistoric evening-coat tradition.

A Sinister Comedy. The much-talked-of play of Lavedan—"The Marquis de Priola"—is regrettable. It is quite unworthy of the hospitality of the Maison de Molière. One might imagine that Lavedan had started out with the idea of writing a farce; but, disgusted with his recent failures in that direction, had turned it into a mélo-mélo. To hear an unscrupulous old roué talking always of his feminine conquests—not of one, but of scores—is pitiable. He is Munchausen turned Don Juan. The play failed utterly, in spite of the splendid acting and beautiful dresses of Cécile Sorel and Bartet. Very pleasant after this was the Ambigu, with its ringing, healthy, military drama, "Jean de Cocarde," which made you live over again those stirring scenes of Napoleonic warfare when Charles O'Malley was in Spain with a British sword on. Just as pleasant was the Châtelet, with the "Cinq Sous de Laderède," which glows with colour and is full of animation. A letter from a famous playwright that lies before me leads me to think that London will not have long to wait before it sees this delightful play.

Radica and Doodica. It is passing curious that France holds the record over all European countries of having been the birth-place of human monstrosities: Just on two hundred instances are recorded, and of the most bizarre character—a man with two legs that ended in one tiny foot like that of a duck, a girl with the ears of a lamb, and a man with those of a donkey. This, apropos of the operation on the Hindoo Siamese Twins of Barnum and Bailey's—Radica and Doodica. All Paris waited hour by hour for the bulletins of Dr. Doyen, and columns on columns were devoted to a description of how the operation of separation was performed. At first, it appeared probable both children would recover; but, to the grief of all Paris, poor little Doodica, the twin whose lungs were badly affected, died early on Sunday morning. Radica, however, who has not been told of her sister's death, is going on well. As Barnum's Show is largely run by English capital, it is satisfactory to see that Mr. Bailey has clearly proved that, far from the freaks in the Show being treated as slaves, a regular part of their earnings is sent to their parents, and the rest is their own property.

Irony. I was down at Esbly and found every good villager with a smile on his face. The Prefect had warned the Mayor that the cafés remained open after hours in the town and ordered him to give very stringent orders to the *garde-champêtre*. A meeting of the Council was called, and, in view of the extra work that would fall upon the officer, it was decided to increase his salary by a hundred francs a-year. That friendly decision taken, they adjourned for a drink, and the first haul of the *garde-champêtre* was the Mayor and Corporation.

Hugo's Questionable Friends. That glory to the literature of the world, Victor Hugo, will be splendidly fêted in Paris this month on the occasion of the centenary of his birth. But his over-anxious friends should have left well alone. Like every man who writes, there are moments when ideas come slowly and when by sheer hazard they take a little leisure by drawing a pig, a dog, or a church on a slip of paper. A child of six would blush at

the result; but, still, there it is. Unfortunately for Hugo, some of these incoherent scrawls have just been found, and, instead of receiving decent cremation, have been published. As curiosities, they might have passed; but when it comes to describing as magnificent specimens of art these trifles, it is enough to make the great poet writhe in his grave.

A Great Picture Year.

From what I have heard from some of the principal artists, the Salons this year will be of exceptional interest. By common accord, the rival societies have decided to abolish a notorious abuse in accepting. Formerly, one famous master approved the work of a pupil of a friend's on the condition that this courtesy was reciprocated. This year the Jury will be so constituted as to be practically impartial. A world-wide interest will be excited in the approaching exhibition of the "boursiers de voyage." This grant was inaugurated twenty-five years ago by the Minister of Fine Arts, with a view to supply promising young artists with the money to travel and continue their studies. The recipients of the grant have scattered themselves the wide world over, and the exhibition is accordingly to an extent unique.



RADICA AND DOODICA, THE HINDOO "SIAMESE TWINS" OF WHOSE OPERATION ALL PARIS HAS BEEN TALKING.

Photograph by F. Massip, Toulouse.

Carnival in Paris. Somewhere back in the remote ages, Carnival in Paris was honoured as the Fête des Fous. I question whether it has advanced much. As I hurried across the boulevards on the night of Mardi Gras, I was confronted with the strange spectacle of men and women picking up filthy confetti from the pavement and suffocating one another with it. The police were certainly doing their best to prevent it, but a hundred police to a hundred thousand revellers do not go far. In the days of the procession of the "Bœuf Gras," that was revived six years ago, Mardi Gras was a glorious spectacle; but, now that there is only confetti-throwing, it is disgusting. It is the fault of Paris. The tradespeople refused to subscribe, the Municipal Council is much too hard-up to be brought into question, and Marguery and his colleagues, who revived the fête which under the Empire was magnificent, found themselves called upon to put their hands into their pockets to the tune of thousands of francs.

How completely masquerading is dying out in Paris is instanced by the notice of the Management of the Opéra balls. In view of the fact that the men latterly have entirely adopted the simple evening-dress, in future they will not be admitted unless they wear at least a false nose. Aïe, aïe, aïe!

WILLIAM BLACK AND CAMBERWELL.

It has been asserted, in connection with Sir Wemyss Reid's forthcoming memoir of his friend, the late William Black, that the novelist took the local colour of his romances from actual scenes and that the biography will reveal something concerning the relationship of William Black to the characters in his several works. Sir Wemyss Reid was a frequent visitor at Airlie House, Camberwell Grove, when Black resided there in the early 'seventies, and to him William Black owned that, among all his works, "Madcap Violet"—the local colour in which is drawn from the immediate neighbourhood of the Grove—was his favourite. Those who are familiar with this romance and with the locality even at the present day will readily subscribe to the accuracy of the foregoing statements. Some of the country lanes leading from Camberwell to Dulwich and the Crystal Palace have been obliterated by the suburban builder; but the Thatched Cottage in Camberwell Grove, the home of James Drummond, the hero of "Madcap Violet," remains a landmark of the olden time. Grove Park, overlooked by the nursery windows of the house in which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain first saw the light, unlike the open upland it was when Madcap Violet made it her frequent haunt, has for some time been covered with red-brick villas.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



I BECOME A HARE—WITHOUT TURNING ONE.

A FORTNIGHT ago, my dear Dollie, when writing to you upon the subject of vaccination, I mentioned, casually, that one of my previous acts of martyrdom had been to fill the rôle of hare in a cycling paper-chase. This chance remark has called forth such a storm of requests from the Misses Dorothy all over the United Kingdom for a description of the occurrence that I feel bound to dive down into the pit of harrowing memories and bring forth this instance of past bitternesses for the amusement of yourself and your namesakes. I would have you bear in mind, however, that the recital of the story is very painful to me; in fact, it is a further martyrdom.

It happened in a sleepy part of Warwickshire—one of those districts where to amble is a nuisance and positive exercise a torture. All that one wanted to do was to stroll as far as the village post-office, buy six penny stamps, and limp home again with a consciousness of duty done and vitality exhausted to the extent of an excuse for immediate refreshment. Such being the case, it was only natural that some knickerbockered, parrot-voiced, mole-eyed sort of elongated infant should make it his business to get up a cycling paper-chase. I am bound to admit that, when the first suggestion of the affair was made, I rather encouraged the idea. It occurred to me that a good deal of fun might be obtained from the thing. I saw, in my mind's eye, the meet, the start of the hares, the letting loose of the hounds, a couple of hours' delicious peace, and then the mud-spattered, dry-tongued return of the whole party. I saw myself standing on the doorstep, watch in hand, taking the times of the return. I also saw myself graciously handing tea to the exhausted ladies and earning four-fold blessings from the men by being on the spot in the nick of time with whiskies-and-sodas. But, as to going myself—faugh! The idea was too ridiculous to be entertained for one moment.

In the end, however, not only did I go, but I went as hare. I shall never quite understand how it was that I came to consent. I remember that there was a good deal of discussion about the matter after dinner one evening, and that I suddenly found myself

a hero without knowing why. All opposition on my part seemed to melt into nothingness, and I never realised the situation fully until I found myself tearing down the village street on a bicycle, with a huge bag of paper over my shoulder, and a dainty lady, similarly equipped, skimming along at my side. It was too late to expostulate then, so I determined to make the best of it for ourselves and the worst of it for the brutes who were to pursue.

Spurred on, then, partly by pride and partly by a craving for revenge, I did rather a

cunning thing. Two miles out of the village there was a long and luxurious descent. About a quarter-of-a-mile from the top of this hill there was a road to the left, whilst another road branched off to the left at the top of the hill and joined the first. Sending my fair partner along the first road, therefore, I hurried straight on myself, laid the trail a few yards down the luxurious descent, doubled back, took the road to the left at the summit, and rejoined the lady hare a mile further on. To my intense delight, I learnt afterwards that the trick succeeded admirably. The silly asses came pedalling along to the top of the hill, saw the paper leading them on, free-wheeled, and never bothered about the trail again until they reached the bottom. Then, I presume, there was gnashing of pretty teeth and rapping out of strange oaths.

In the meantime, we sailed on, only hindered for two minutes or so by my partner's saddle getting loose and having to be screwed up again. On inquiry,

I learnt that a certain young man whom I held in very light esteem had volunteered to tighten the saddle before we started. I really ought to have had his blood.

By-and-by, we came to a place where four ways met, and here I had another brilliant idea. This was simply to lay no paper at all for a quarter-of-a-mile or so, in order that the hounds—should be compelled to search each of the four roads in turn, and so lose much valuable time. (Really, the amount of ingenuity I displayed was almost fiendish.) We acted, then, upon this suggestion, and swept forward at peace with ourselves and all the world.

We had now entered upon the return journey. When we arrived at a point some three miles from home, I suddenly bethought me of a little light refreshment that I had brought with me (in a flask) in case of accidents. The lady hare refused to avail herself of it, and so, being loth to waste it, I proceeded to tackle the fluid myself as we rode along. We were going up a slight hill at the time, and I wished afterwards that I had postponed the meal until we were on the level. However, I managed to brush off most of the dust, and there was very little harm done to the machine. My experience goes to show, however, that the motor-car has considerable advantages over the bicycle when it comes to picnicking on board.

A little later, we arrived home in triumph and received many congratulations on our skill in eluding the hounds. We had tea, and then somebody began to wonder what had become of the others. I explained, airily, that we had ridden very fast and that the pack could hardly be expected home just yet. And, indeed, it was not until we were thoroughly rested and refreshed that the first two men turned up. They were panting, choked with dust, and speechless with anger. I was explaining to them that they should have trained a little before entering upon a task of this kind, when, to my intense surprise, they rounded upon me and began to abuse me violently for not laying paper at the cross-roads. I laughed at them, of course, and pointed out that that was my little trick. I shall not, my dear Dollie, record their reply.

Half-an-hour to an hour later, the others began to arrive, and before they were all home it was pitch-dark. Each man had the same grievance to air; each lady backed him up vigorously. The last of all to arrive were the engaged couples, and they appeared smiling, blinking, delighted with the chase. Certainly, when it was put to them, they said that the trail was scandalously thin and almost impossible to follow. But do not imagine, my dear Dollie, that I was abashed, or crestfallen, or humbled. On the contrary, I lay back in my chair, puffed my cigar, beamed upon them all, and hinted that it would be a long time before they asked me to be a hare again. I am still waiting.



TEARING
DOWN THE
VILLAGE
STREET.

Chicot



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT, PLAYING ROSE PLATT IN "THE NEW CLOWN,"

AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

BYGONE BRIGHTON.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

"DICKENS and Lemon pervade the Pavilion—winter at Brighton!" So in one of his most spirited and musical strains sang poor Mortimer Collins, whose short coat of purple velvet, crimson waistcoat, and loosely tied sky-blue cravat under a Byronic collar, his nether limbs encased in trousers of so bold a pattern as to require two wearers properly to show it off, was, when the present writer first knew it, among the most picturesquely familiar sights of the place. A Sedley (not Josh of *Vanity Fair*) born out of his generation, this charming versifier had, perhaps, too much of the Alsatian in his blood to have been known as a Brighton worthy in the flesh. "The seascape's divine, whitened by the merry wind"; the hock at Bacon's, Mainwaring's fruit, and Mutton's turtle he truly loved and as sweetly sang them all, as he hymned also the white-throated maiden carolling under the Devonshire cliffs, or the graceful dream-shapes "sweeping through the ivory gate." Once, too, together with James Hannay, the forgotten Pierre Loti of his generation, and one or two more of the old "blood and culture" school, who invoked Thackeray as their patron-saint and who never forgave the satire pointed at them by Dickens in his description of Mr. Spenslow's dinner-party, Collins made a journalistic attempt to entertain and educate the Brighton public. The sparkling and short-lived *Rapier* was as much above the Brightonian heads of that period as its "Society" successors of to-day are below the *Anti-Jacobin* of Canning and Freer. Historically, it deserves a place by the side of the Borthwick-Oliphant *Owl*, Arthur A'Beckett's *Tomahawk*, and Alfred Thomson's *Mask*, the true parents of the existing "Society" Press. Other literati, to say nothing of literatuli, were then daily visible in the neighbourhood of the author of "Pickwick" and the Editor of *Punch* in the buildings sacred to the memory of the fourth George, or upon the Old Chain Pier. That slightly built gentleman, with a notably intellectual forehead, and a bearing that reminds some of Count Alfred D'Orsay, imitated unconsciously by so many of his contemporaries, is Albert Smith, of Mont Blanc popularity; the young man, looking at the fishing-boats, and, rallied by Smith, making hazardous remarks about the flying jib, is my happily surviving and dear old friend, H. Sutherland Edwards, then winning literary laurels as the roving correspondent or, in conjunction with James Davison, the musical critic of the *Times*. Albert Smith's future biographer, at that time, together with Anthony Trollope, working his way up the ladder of promotion at the General Post Office, Edmund Yates, and George Augustus Sala are less visitors to Brighton than Brightonians by breeding and association, if not by birth. "G. A. S." has not yet donned the *Daily Telegraph* white waistcoat, nor found it necessary to wear a blazing necktie, as he always used to put it, "to carry off his nose." "E. Y." is still to succeed George Sala in the Editorship of *Temple Bar*, is best known as the writer of a Monday column of town talk in the *Morning Star*, which is to form the germ of the *World* and which is setting him in the path that, two or three decades hence, will conduct him to a mansion in Eastern Place, to a Justiceship of the Peace for the County of Sussex, and to membership of the Carlton in Pall Mall.

Still a little longer to pursue the past tenses of the Brighton mood, let Captain Pen give place to Captain Sword, C.B., V.C., and I know not what other initials. The Treaty of Paris of March 1856 may not yet have been signed, but Sebastopol is visibly tottering to its fall; there is a lull in the hostile operations, and the town is full of Crimean heroes and their following. The well-set-up gentleman with the waxed, Napoleonic moustache, whose air, notwithstanding his modern costume, reproduces that of the Gronows and other military dandies of an earlier generation, who seems to clink an imaginary sword and to miss his cavalry spurs as, with eyes half-closed, he struts on, is known by all onlookers to be Lord Cardigan of Balaclava fame; the luxuries on board his yacht, anchored in Russian waters, sometimes shared by less happy warriors, have become familiar at home. This leader of *beaux sabreurs* has among his Brighton bodyguard some officers of that regiment (11th Hussars) which he has made the crack corps of Europe, or some of their cavalry comrades. Such are the still flourishing Sir George Wombwell, of the 17th Lancers, who, having in the piping times of peace been spun for geographical deficiency, contrived to secure his commission when the bugle-call somewhat relaxed the severity of examiners. To-day his companions-in-arms on the King's Road are others who have ridden with him in the Charge of the Six Hundred and who have gone on till the twentieth century. Such are Harrington Trevelyan, a year or two later the youngest Colonel in the British Army, and Sir Roger Palmer, who since he laid down his sabre has made his steam-launch on the Thames the same object of interest to holiday-voyagers that his charger used to be on Crimean battlefields. Brighton at the epoch whose retrospect is now taken is what in these later days would be called a military centre, though of a kind different from that known to the present period of staid soldiering. At Preston Barracks, as at Hampton Court and Hounslow, is quartered a regiment of horse, light or heavy, and for the most part lighter than any known to-day, that imparts vivacity and picturesqueness to all the assemblies of London-super-Mare. It is associated with an odd incident or two from time to time. In those days the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway system is less highly organised than in our own year of grace. There runs from a roadside station, some dozen miles nearer

London, a train starting later at night than the last up-mail from the Baie of George IV. Officers with a taste for theatricals often contrive to spend an extra hour or two by the sea, driving to Hassocks Gate to catch the last train. It can just with difficulty be done by a first-rate horse, but then the fare must remember the name of his destination. When, as sometimes happens, a gallant Captain, in the hurry of the moment, accidentally says, "Drive like blazes to Fiddler's Green," the most intelligent cabman may be perplexed, and the train is not always caught.

On the Old Steine used to be, perhaps is still, a Club for which no one not a septuagenarian was held to be qualified. In and out of this, till quite recently, sauntered the grandson of William IV., Lord Munster, whose exterior suggested a travelling showman, and the son of Jock Campbell, a former Lord Chancellor, the latter often accompanied by his old Eton tutor, W. G. Cookesley, once Lord Salisbury's house-master, who might, it was thought, have recovered from his last illness had he not insisted on having, on what proved his death-bed, buttered crab and Guinness's stout. With two exceptions, the National and the New, the later Clubs of Brighton are apt to be like Tristram Shandy's scullion—here to-day and gone to-morrow; yet within a decade or so the Hôtel Victoria of to-day was the Orleans Club. Gone is its trim little ex-dragoon secretary; gone are Lord Randolph Churchill and his supporter, the Mr. Smith who once represented the town, and who, in the Orleans smoking-room, encouraged Lord Randolph to threaten another member, Mr. George Lefevre, with his opposition at Bradford. On the other hand, John Bright's former private secretary, Sir Barrington Simeon; Mr. Edward Dicey, the chief of Anglo-Egyptian experts; Mr. Austin Lee, of the Paris Embassy, himself fashioned by Nature in the ambassadorial mould; Mr. Agg-Gardner, the kindest of Parliamentary amphitryons; Sir William T. Marriott, the cheeriest of jurists and senators, happily—perhaps, less happily the present writer—remain to tell the tale of a Club that itself has passed "into the portion of weeds and outworn faces."

THE HOME OF LORD ANGLESEY.

MANY years ago, Anglesey was the home of sacred rites, the headquarters of the Druids, who called it "Inys Dywyll" and worshipped their gods in its groves. Now, the Marquis of Anglesey has his home but a stone's-throw from their cromlechs, the most imposing of the Druidical remains which have survived as silent witnesses of a religion which has passed.

The old order changeth and giveth place to new.

This is indeed true, for here is the only Thespian temple in these wilds of Wales, and nightly Lord Anglesey performs in theatricals for

the amusement and entertainment of his friends and tenants.

When the present Marquis came into possession, about four years ago, everything underwent a change, and "Plas Newydd," or New Palace, became Anglesey Castle. This name is obviously more fitting, for the house is no longer new, having been built for the "Hero of Waterloo" on the site of the old mansion, Llyn-y-Moel. It is beautifully situated on the Straits, about six miles going westwards along the coast of Anglesey after you have crossed the Menai Suspension Bridge. From the water one sees the house rising from a dense wood of oak-trees, which forms a



ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE, ANGLESEY CASTLE.

fitting background. The view from the house is splendid, whether you look up or down the Straits. Its nearness to the water makes it an ideal residence from the point of view of a yachtsman.

The entrance-gates are about half-a-mile from the rural little hamlet of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlantysillogogoch. The park is splendidly wooded and the long two-mile drive is very beautiful. Glimpses through the trees of the Straits and the mountains of Carnarvonshire and of Snowdon beyond are not easily forgotten. The late Marquis found the place so much to his liking that he spent the greater part of his time at Plas Newydd, and was buried in the pretty little church of Llanddeiniol, about a mile from the house. In

olden times Llanddeiniel was the chief seat of Druidical worship and the Arch-Druid himself lived here.

The Castle itself is quite modern in structure, and is, perhaps, one of the best examples of its kind. It is three storeys high, and the windows are plain slashed parallelograms having square reverted labels except in the lower storeys, where they have three lights with mullions, tracery, and lozenged glass. The front is composed of two wings similar in structure, and at each angle is an octagonal turret. The

French, and represents Court-life in Versailles. The principal staircase is wide and lofty and a maze of corridors opens out on either side of every *étage*. From the Marquis's own rooms, which are most exquisitely furnished, runs a unique private spiral staircase.

Not far from the house, about four hundred yards from the cromlechs, are the kennels. Lord Anglesey's dogs are well cared for and he takes an especial pride in them. The stables are not far off and are built in the same style as the house, and, with the exception



ANGLESEY CASTLE.



THE ENTRANCE-GATES.



ENCLOSURE ADJOINING THE KENNELS.



THE KEEPER'S HOUSE, ADJOINING THE KENNELS.



LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYNDROBWLANTY-SILIGOGOGUCH STATION, ANGLESEY.



THE CROMLECHS, OR DRUIDICAL REMAINS, WITH VIEW OF THE STABLES.

THE HOME OF LORD ANGLESEY.

front is still further extended by a large servants' hall, and over this is the theatre. Formerly it was occasionally used as a private chapel, although it was never consecrated. It has large, pointed windows and a beautifully fretted roof, and is now most tastefully decorated in blue and gold. In the gallery, facing the stage, is the Marquis's private box, beautifully draped in red, with his coronet worked in gold as a centre-piece. It is copied from the Royal Opera House in Dresden. The stage itself is small, and it is difficult to get more than twenty-four people on it at the same time. The drop-scene is graceful and very

of the front portion, are almost hidden by the trees. The building has a high centre façade with a clock-tower over the pointed archway. All the windows are pointed, and, like the house, there are two similar wings on either side and a buttress ending in a turret at each angle. A large courtyard fills the centre. Everything is most convenient and the horses are beautiful creatures. Lord Anglesey's well-known motor-car is kept here, and it starts for a quick trip to Bangor almost every afternoon, punctually at two o'clock. The shooting is excellent and pheasants are very carefully preserved.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by Fratelli Coppo, Naples.



HIS MAJESTY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III. OF ITALY.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by L. Lamarra, Naples.

"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY THE COMPARATIVE CHILD.

II.—AT THE GAIETY.

IT was very nice and trusting of the Editor to send me to write an article descriptive of the gaiety behind the scenes at the Gaiety. It was also very nice and trusting of the Stage-Manager to give me permission to wander around just as I pleased, interview as many beautiful and talented artistes as I could get hold of, and write up my impressions from an entirely unbiassed point of view. My thanks to both of these gentlemen, and still more to the beneficent Nature that endowed me with a round face, big blue eyes, and a trustful, pleading manner.

I began taking in things at the stage-door whilst I was waiting for my little card to do its fell work. An elaborately smoothed youth in a very neatly fitting dress-suit hurried round from the front of the house (*via* the street) and made an anxious inquiry of the stage-door-keeper. The stage-door-keeper, with a face of iron, handed him a note. The youth read the note, said something between his teeth, and went down the street again looking as nearly as possible like the worried hero in a melodrama. Of course, I hadn't an idea what it all meant, but a small boy with "Gaiety Theatre" on his cap seemed much amused.

Passing into the theatre, I exchanged greetings with the Stage-Manager and then made my way into the wings. It was rather quiet there, however, so I climbed a tall, perpendicular ladder that led up to the flies. Probably you will accept that statement lightly enough, but I should like to mention, in passing, that at every rung my heart was in my mouth and my life literally in my hands. The adventure made such an impression on me that I accomplished the descent to the stage by an old, disused staircase. Even then, I had to perform one or two acrobatic feats before I found myself in a place of safety again. I assure you, war-corresponding is baby-play compared to some of the risks I run in the rôle of Comparative Child.

Just by way of completing my official examination of the premises, I went below the stage and saw that the apparatus for the manufacture of electric-light in the theatre was working properly. There are any quantity of funny, rambling passages beneath the stage at the Gaiety. I felt quite as though I were examining the cellars of the House of Commons before the opening of Parliament. As to the cellars of the new Gaiety, you can see them any day in the week from the roof of a 'bus in the Strand. They look more like the workings of a Kimberley diamond-mine than a mere excavation in the four-mile radius.

The next point of interest that I came across in my ramblings—putting aside a brilliant succession of bewitching ladies who flashed past me at every turn—was the dressing-room of Mr. Fred Wright junior. The apartment in itself was naturally of enormous interest to me, but the interest became intensified when I discovered that the distinguished owner was present in the flesh. After the usual embraces had taken place, we fell to discussing journalism as a means of

livelihood. This Mr. Wright knows something of writing, for, if I remember rightly, a pathetic little one-Act play from his pen was performed with success at the Strand Theatre. And has he not even had the felicity of seeing one of his stories published in *The Sketch*?

"Of course," the comedian explained, "I merely scribble for amusement."

"But I hope you get paid for it," I urged, anxiously.

"Oh, yes," he admitted, carelessly; "I get paid for it."

"That's a good thing," I replied. "Of course, I act only for amusement."

"I hope you get paid for it," he echoed.

"No, I don't. It seems hard, but, then, you see, you write so much better than I act."

"I shouldn't like to see you act," said Mr. Wright, modestly.

"Oh, come!" I rejoined; "I've read one of your stories."

And then, as things seemed to be getting into a knot, I bade the versatile gentleman farewell and gravitated towards the sanctum of Mr. Edmund Payne.

Mr. Payne, I regret to say, was in a despondent mood. I shouldn't have known it if he hadn't said so, for, outwardly and visibly, he was "Teddy" all the time.

"There's a slump," he said, "in theatrical business. I wonder why. Is it the Coronation, or the small-pox, or the cold weather, or what is it?"

"A little bit of each," I suggested. "But does a slump affect the Gaiety?"

"It affects my spirits," said the little man. "I can tell directly when the pit isn't full: the applause seems to fall off. Still, I suppose the people that are there are enjoying themselves all right."

"You bet! And, of course, the slump is merely temporary."

"Thank you," he replied, beaming once again. "We shall get our money on Saturday, I dare say."

I said I dared say so too, and then I wandered out to look for Miss Florence Lloyd. Miss Lloyd being on the stage, however, I found that I should be obliged to leave the theatre without making her acquaintance. Naturally, I was sorry for myself, but I was still more grieved that she should have missed the chance of her lifetime.

To summarise, I am afraid I must dispel any allusions that may still be fondly cherished by my readers as to the mad scenes of revelry that occur constantly behind the scenes of the Gaiety Theatre. With the exception of the exquisitely combed young gentleman, I saw no sighing admirers thronging the stage-door, and, although I met a great many lovely ladies in the passages and on the staircases, they seemed to be intent on business and passed me by with smiles that were more maternal than sentimental. After the performance, I have no doubt that they would get quietly on to a 'bus or into the train and go home to a simple and well-earned supper with mother. Believe me, the merriest, maddest part of the Gaiety Theatre is the front of the house, particularly when 'Teddy' Payne is cutting his quaint little capers and cracking his crisp little jokes on the stage.



"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES: MISS FLORENCE LLOYD IN HER DRESSING-ROOM AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



EFFIGY OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT AND HIS AIR-SHIP AT THE NICE CARNIVAL.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

London in Abeyance—The Country-Cousin Invasion—Painless Self-Denial—Giving Up What We Do Not Care For—"Encouraging Trade"—Advice to Those About to Marry.

WITH the arrival of Lent, London is enjoying a welcome and inexpensive lull before plunging into the orgie of festivities ushering in the Coronation. Those who have not had time to have the influenza are getting it over now, so as to leave them free later on. Both it and even the small-pox have their strategical uses in foiling the casual acquaintance from the provinces, for he invariably imagines that the Londoner finds time hang heavy on his hands and will be proud to spend whole days showing his knowledge of the Tower, the National Gallery, Madame Tussaud's, and other habitual resorts of the fashionable *monde* of London.

I myself have had invitations (to themselves) from forty-seven distant cousins in the provinces to spend a fortnight in town (chiefly at my expense) in the middle of June, doing a theatre every night, including the gala nights at the Opera (entirely at my expense), and testing each of the smart restaurants in rotation—all in return for an afternoon's visit or a week-end I have spent on their farm years ago. It is no trouble to them to come up and give me a "fly round," nor do they object to my postponing till August the visit of the Duke who had proposed staying with me. To all such I have represented London as an Inferno of the most horrible diseases, making the Metropolis during the "Black Death" appear a Davos Platz or a Cairo by comparison.

I have warned them that their blood will be upon their own heads, and forwarded cooked statistics of the mortality, and, assuming for a moment that they give any weight to my statements, they should avoid me for years for fear of infection. They seem to look upon me as a hero to be so devoted to my work as to remain in this pestilential death-trap for a moment.

A little Lental self-denial just now will make a burst of subsequent dissipation all the more enjoyable. People can gain a certain amount of social standing, at a very slight outlay, by doing nothing in particular, just as during the Anglophobe outbreak in France they acquired a reputation for *haut ton* by not going abroad. Personally, when I wish to practise self-denial, I give up, say, champagne (which I never really care for), and keep up my strength solely with chianti and port (to which I am partial, or rather, which I find are of medicinal benefit to the peculiarities of my constitution). I eschew scientific lectures and sales of work, and severely confine myself to skating-rinks and the study of the drama.

After all, we must set an example to the lower classes. As for dancing, like the Tenth, I "don't dance," though, unlike them, I could not do it gracefully if I wanted to; I prefer to try to look as if I had reached a social position at which it would be *infra dig*, to exert myself and had just given it up. We should not, however, give the rein too freely to self-denial. Remember that we "encourage trade"

by indulgence in eight-course dinners, expensive cigars, close attention to the drama and other necessities. What *can* be the object in starving if we can give a helping hand to the noble cause of charity by gormandising? Goodness knows, we are sometimes sinful and selfish, but it is only through thoughtlessness.

Few weddings take place in Lent; consequently there is usually a plethora of matrimony in Easter week, but this year young couples will be well advised to postpone the indiscretion till later. Easter falls within the financial year, and their incomes will be added together and more heavily taxed. A financier calculates that a couple, each with an average income, will marry about nineteen pounds three-and-fourpence cheaper in April than in March, and the honeymoon will be all the sweeter from the conviction that they have defrauded the Revenue.

HILL ROWAN.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.

Lord Howard de Walden, who came of age last May, was indeed born with a silver spoon in his mouth, for he is one of the wealthiest members of the British Peerage, being the owner of those enormously valuable London freeholds which are supposed, by the ignorant, to belong to the Duke of Portland because they are called the "Portland estate." Lord Howard de Walden's Barony dates from 1597, and he also enjoys the Barony of Seaford, and is one of the co-heirs of the Barony of Ogle. He obtained his commission in the 10th Hussars and served in South Africa. Latterly he has displayed some interest in social work in London, in which his mother, who was the eldest daughter and co-heir of Mr. William Holden, of Palace House, Lancaster, is of great assistance to him.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

An exceptionally strong show of Dutch Masters of the seventeenth century may be seen at Messrs. Forbes and Paterson's Gallery, Old Bond Street, the pictures, though not numerous, being in several cases works of high distinction. The Franz Hals, "Portrait of a Man Playing a Guitar," is a remarkable example of that artist's power. In colour it is more reserved than usual, though still telling, while it has great qualities of expression, not only in the face, but notably in the hands of the guitar-player. There are two specially fine works by David Teniers the Younger—"A Peasant Smoking" and "A Village Fête." Both these examples manifest in a high degree the Master's

sure but delicate touch and his close observation of character, while they are also noteworthy for the freshness of the colour, which is so well preserved that they might have been painted yesterday. The larger "Still Life" by William Kalf is certainly one of the finest of his works that have been exhibited in London, and impresses by its subtle beauty of colour and technique. Gerard Dow, Ruysdael, Cuyp, and Terborch are among other painters represented.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN.

From the Painting by R. Sauber.



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT POSING FOR "THE SKETCH" ARTIST AT DALY'S THEATRE.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



PENELOPE (MISS LILY HANBURY) MOURNING FOR ULYSSES.

"NOW I AM SO DRIVEN I FAINT AT LAST."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEWIS DAUMER.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



ATHENE (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER) DISGUISED AS A YOUNG GOATHERD.

"I AM ATHENE, AND HAVE TAKEN THIS SHAPE BUT TO TRY THY WIT."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEWIS BAUMER.



MR. WILLIE WARDE IN "A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY TOM BROWNE.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.



"SEPOY GENERALS."

THE writer of this book is already well known as the author of several volumes, some of them of particular importance, dealing with our Empire in India. His present work consists of a collection of nine biographical studies which were first written while he was employed in examining the ancient records in the archives at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, and each essay is, in a measure, the result of his work as Director of Records to the Government of India. Mr. G. W. Forrest occupied the position of Director of Indian Records for several years, and he therefore enjoyed unique opportunities for research and investigation. But the "Sepoy Generals," recently published by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, was written when Mr. Forrest was at the head of his Department, the book has been recast, in trust, its author says, that it will have its use in reminding Englishmen by what thoughts and actions our Empire is made and held together.

The first on Mr. Forrest's list of "Sepoy Generals" is Wellington, and the story of the great Duke's Indian career, told mainly from his despatches and letters collated with the letters and State papers in the Bombay Record Office, is narrated in a very bright, graphic, and interesting manner by Mr. Forrest. The glory of Wellington's after career has somewhat overset that part of it the scene of which was laid in India. Yet, as Mr. Forrest justly remarks—

The Peninsular War and the Waterloo Campaign have cast into the shade the Mahratta Campaign and the victory of Assaye; but the knowledge Wellington acquired in the Mahratta Campaign of the details of the business of war and the experience he gained in the fine art of reconciling conflicting interests among his subordinates and allies carried the "Sepoy General," as he was contemptuously called by his great antagonist, through the toils and difficulties which beset his path in the Peninsula. He did not display a cooler and more indomitable resolution during the crowning action of his life than he did at Assaye. His hardly won victories entitle him to a foremost rank among the great Captains who established the military supremacy of England throughout India, and a study of the authoritative records of his administration shows that he was almost the first of the race of soldier-statesmen who, by their wisdom, their sympathy, and their sense of an inviolable justice, have bestowed permanence and stability on our great and illustrious dependency.

The second of these biographical essays is devoted to Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles once described his own life as "a wayward life of Adventure," and he went on to say that "a good romance it would make: full of incidents by flood and field, stories of love and war, and shipwrecks of all kinds." Sufficient justice has never been done to the hard and splendid work Napier did as Commander-in-Chief in India, but Mr. Forrest goes some length to making this right, for he devotes considerable space to the details of Napier's administration, his general orders, and his caustic criticisms of the verdicts of court-martials which came before him for final judgment. The essay on Sir Charles Napier is followed by one on Sir Herbert Edwardes, and

that by one on Sir Thomas Munro—the last being a striking paper, inasmuch as it dwells on the "personal rule which created our Indian Empire. Munro, Metcalfe, Elphinstone, Jonathan Duncan, Thomason, knew the people, and by their sympathy and frankness gained their confidence." Mr. Forrest contrasts the system pursued by these Empire-builders with a rule by a centralised bureaucracy—

The modern collector, on whose administration the happiness and prosperity of the people and the stability of the Empire mainly depends, is no longer, like Munro, the "father" of his people. He is fast becoming a mere instrument for carrying out the orders of a centralised bureaucracy, and all originality and independence are fast perishing. Men no longer administer large areas, but boys carry out orders. The gulf between the rulers and the ruled grows wider day by day.

The last two essays in the volume are about three "Sepoy Generals" whose names are familiar to our own time, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir William Lockhart, and Earl Roberts. The first and second of these have passed away, and Mr. Forrest's memoir of them appeared not long ago in *Blackwood* with the title, "Two Great Soldiers." The sketch of Lord Roberts is admirably done. In it the record of the Commander-in-Chief is brought down to the time when he handed over the chief command in South Africa to Lord Kitchener.

Mr. Forrest, in this very discriminating essay, gives a tolerably full account of the early years of Lord Roberts in India, and, as is perfectly just, enlarges on the incidents in which the Commander-in-Chief, by his personal valour and courage, won the coveted distinction (then not so common as now) of the Victoria Cross. He also dwells at considerable length on Lord Roberts's great achievements in Afghanistan, and the wonderful march which perhaps more than anything else marked out Lord Roberts as one of the foremost of our Generals. At the same time, he is scrupulously just in assigning a due measure of praise to the deeds of Sir Donald Stewart in the same difficult country. Of course, it is impossible to institute a comparison between the two men as regards their conduct of our Afghan Wars, but our author is

commendably impartial in bringing under the notice of his readers the various points in their careers which may be said to touch. From India Mr. Forrest follows Lord Roberts to Ireland, and then from Ireland to South Africa. He presents in his narrative the chief events of interest and importance which occurred in the subsequent story—the capture of Kronje and his force, the occupation of Bloemfontein, and, last of all, the capture of Pretoria. And he has contrived to present these facts in a succinct and graphic manner.

A noteworthy feature of Mr. Forrest's book is that throughout it he makes an earnest endeavour not only to commemorate the heroism of the British soldier, but also the gallantry of the Sepoy. He bids us remember that a "handful of Englishmen could never have conquered India if we had not been assisted by the bravery and devotion of the native armies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras." "Sepoy Generals" is an excellent work and should be widely read.—ROBERT MACHRAY.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

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"THE WITCH."

TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE INTERNATIONAL BLACK-AND-WHITE EXHIBITION AT ROME.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

"IN THE MORN AND LIQUID DEW OF YOUTH."—HAMLET.

DRAWN BY A. E. JACKSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE OLD HATRED.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



WE are Uniackes of Castle Dare, and our cousins are the Uniackes of Burren Castle. There is not a quarter-of-a mile of country from one doorstep to another, but it was a distance no Uniacke had crossed for many generations. The distance between us in other matters was, indeed, a world wide. We are of the Old Religion and they of the New. We are gentle and they violent.

And now at Dare we were shrunk to but two of us, my father, the Lord Uniacke, and myself, his daughter Ursula. Once there had been three gallant gentlemen of our name, my brothers Ulrick, Terence, and Maurice. But they had followed Sarsfield and were dead in French Flanders, and so there was none to keep up the honour of our house saving only a girl.

My father was a very grave and somewhat sorrowful man, with one solace and one pastime in the pursuit of astronomy. When he had the heavenly globe between his hands, he forgot for a time, I believe, how much of earthly happiness had slipped out of them with the death of my mother in her lovely youth and the following after her of her sons.

I used to sit by him like a mouse at my needlework while he pursued his studies, and if we spoke not for hours there was still a comfortable and loving communion between us. He had his study high in air, a lantern-room with four windows which surveyed the countryside, and from one corner of it a little winding-stair ascended to the telescope on the tower-top. Often he has called me to follow him to the telescope end of a starry night, and then, applying his own eye to it, has forgotten all about me. Nor would I recall him by so much as plucking at his sleeve, but have waited patiently by him till he returned from heaven to earth, when it was his habit to be most repentant and to upbraid himself for his forgetfulness.

Indeed, he never seemed to love me less, but rather more, that I was a girl, and he was proud of me in his gentle way because I was fearless, and could ride and swim like any gentleman, and could shoot, too, if need be, though not the deer nor the birds, for they were old friends to me and I could never bear to hurt dumb creatures. But, although I could do these things and had learnt the dead languages from Father Richard, whom we had sheltered from the storms outside till we found him one day with his kind old gray head fallen between his crucifix and skull, and the last sands of his hour-glass long run out, I was yet skilled in household matters. Indeed, I could candy with anyone, or distil sweet waters, or make cordials or salves; and I could never be of opinion that a woman was a worse man for being able to spin and sew.

However, 'tis too much of myself.

The Uniackes of Burren were also at this time shrunken to one representative of the name, a young man, Sir James Uniacke, who had lived much in England and abroad, and at this time was doing the grand tour, as was the fashion with young men of rank, out in the world beyond the trials and poverty of Dare. He had had a brother Ralph, a wastrel and a soldier, but he was reputed killed in the Wars of the Low Countries. Often, often at night, when I have stood waiting for my father to remember me on the tower, I have looked across to the dark mass of Burren black against the sky, with its woods and waters at its feet, and my thoughts could not help but play about the unknown cousin, the only other of our blood living, whom my father had taught me, as much as consisted with his meekness and his religiousness, to hate. For it was his conviction that nothing good could come out of Burren, so that to hate the last Uniacke of Burren was as though one hated a sin.

But one night, as I stood there by my father, a summer night of stars and purple, when hardly a leaf stirred in the woods below the tower, I saw that there was a light in Burren, in every window of the long range that ran to westward of the hall-door. And, though it startled me, I said nothing, for I felt my father would not like me to think upon the house or the family.

The next morning, I climbed the tower again. It was a shining morning of early June, and the woods for miles around sang a sleepy song, as though they rocked many cradles, which doubtless they did. And standing there, I looked across to Burren, and as I looked I saw a servant leading a horse up and down. Then the doors opened and a gentleman came out on the steps. I shrank behind the telescope, lest he should look up and see me outlined against the sky; and from there I saw him mount and ride away.

Even at the distance I could perceive that he looked of a gallant

and dignified figure, and made no doubt that my cousin James had come home; but I kept my counsel to myself.

However, it was not a week from that time when a servant came to my father, where he and I sat together in the tower-room, and announced a visitor, no less a one than Sir James Uniacke. I saw my father's face whiten and then turn a dark red, as though someone had struck him.

"Tell Sir James Uniacke that Lord Uniacke receives no visitors," he said, controlling himself, as I perceived, with difficulty.

But when the servant had gone, he broke forth into such a passion of violence as I had not believed him capable of. His meekness and his piety seemed to have dropped away from him, and, seeing him in those transports of fury, I realised all at once that we were sprung from the same bloody and violent stock which had produced the Uniackes of Burren with all their rough-riding and cruel deeds. Nor could I forget him as he appeared then, although afterwards he did penance and wore himself thin with fasting and was more meek than ever before.

A few days later, Sir James Uniacke wrote; but my father, seeing the superscription, laid the letter upon the faggots unread, and watched grimly the wax and the ribbons sucked in by the fire and the parchment roll itself up and disappear.

I sat with my eyes down while this happened, as becomes a girl, and kept my hands folded in my lap; yet I will confess that I had a struggle with myself to sit by so calmly and see the letter burn. Indeed, I was half-ashamed of myself, a Uniacke of Dare, because something whispered within me that it was time the old hatred was forgotten. Yet, there was my father, as near a saint as I ever knew man to be, and he could not forgive; and was I to be better than he?

Very soon after that, the old flame of persecution, which had sunk low, suddenly sprang up again, and the fines and the threats of imprisonment came faster than ever.

"They will have all Dare before they are done," said my father.

Alas, as though it were prophetic, the trouble was already on its way! Within a few hours we heard that Dare was no longer our own. It had passed from us to the younger branch of the house. A Papist had no rights to lands nor houses, nor to anything of value. All that was ours had passed to Sir James Uniacke.

I thought in the first moments that the blow would have killed my father. But, as soon as he had somewhat recovered himself, although trembling pitifully, he commanded me to put together the barest necessities and leave Dare free for James Uniacke to enter it.

In Dublin we found our refuge. There was just one person in the world with whom my father had kept up communication, and that was the Lady Barbara De La Poer, a friend of his youth and my godmother.

Lady Barbara found us lodging in Dominick Street near her own, and it was very pleasant to be so near orchards and open country, and, since we must be citizens, to have our lodging high on the steep hill which overlooks the city from the north.

I had never seen Lady Barbara, although I had always associated her with pleasant things, since many a gift such as girls love had come from her year after year to her godchild.

Now, when I saw her, I thought I had never seen anything so pretty. She wore diamonds in her powdered hair, but they were no brighter than the black eyes, under their black brows, which sparkled and laughed incessantly. I do not know how much her cheeks owed to the rouge-pot. I was not skilled in city ways. But their delicate carmine, repeated in her lips, contrasted delightfully with her powdered head. About her eyes, where little faint lines were, she had set a patch here and there to distract the gaze from them, and on her cheeks there was a crescent moon and a coach-and-horses to point the road to her dimples.

She was on her way from some rout or other when first I saw her, and she was wearing a sacque and quilted petticoat of pink satin, with a large brown velvet hat, its feathers clasped by a diamond buckle, set astride on her curled head.

I had taken her to be very rich by her garments and jewels, but I knew later that she was poor. She was very reckless at the gaming-tables and royally generous with her friends, so she had stripped herself of wealth; but, as she never seemed to want for a fine frock or a guinea, her poverty, I took it, was not of the sort that irked.

When she had taken me in her arms—she was littler than I, and the plumes of her hat tickled my nose—she broke out into praises of me, saying she would show me at Court. But my father shook his head, smiling at her as though she were pleasant to him; and so must she have been to any man, though he were a saint or an anchorite.

"No, no, Lady Babs!" he said. "We are too poor to go to Court, since even what remained of our fortune has gone into

James Uniacke's pouch. We shall bide at home, or pray in the church yonder. We have no fine, extravagant tastes."

"If Ursula have none," said she, looking at him from under her great feathers, "then she is less or more than woman."

"She has had a different training from most women," my father reminded her.

"Ah! but under the scholar you shall find the woman," she answered, stepping lightly to his side, and shining in the dark room like a pink moth.

"Ursula is grave," said my father.

"Because you have made her so, Terence," said the lady.

Still, she had not her will of taking me to Court, although she tempted my fancy with the fine clothes she would have given me. My father had, indeed, withdrawn from the world, and taken me with him. We went nowhere except to the Church of the White Friars, over against our lodging, and, when the weather served, we took long walks through the apple and cherry orchards of Drumcondra and out into the open country beyond.

We attended none of Lady Barbara's receptions, and if we found anyone with her when we went we would withdraw. But once or twice we were discovered there by fine visitors, to my father's vexation, and once, when we left almost in haste, as much as my father's breeding would allow, a gentleman who was entering held the door for us to pass through.

He was dressed very finely in coat and waistcoat of pearl-grey silk and white breeches, but it was no such foolish pretty things that attracted me. Little time though I had, I perceived that his face had a clear pallor and was most interesting, with fine hazel eyes, and, an uncommon thing in those days, he wore his own hair. He bowed profoundly as I passed, and, though I did not seem to lift my eyes, I saw as plainly as possible how his chestnut hair waved

from the parting and fell in a profusion of curls upon his shoulders. And, strange as it may seem, after that I thought much upon the gentleman, and was scarcely surprised when, two days later, I saw him ride slowly past our lodgings on as fine a black mare as ever I wish to see. And, a day or two later, I met him again, and his hat swept the pavement. Indeed, after that, there was hardly a day when I did not see him, either when I was out with my maid, Driscoll, or with my father. The meetings were enough to gild my days and my dreams at night. Even my father noticed a change in me.

"I thought she would go to the Convent," he said to Lady Barbara, "when I was no longer here to protect her. Now, she does not look serious enough for a nun. We must find her a husband."

When he said it, I had a thought that he would never have spoken

so at Dare; but he, too, was grown more cheerful of late, perhaps because he no longer spent his hours surveying worlds out of his reach. We had no use for the telescope in our Dublin lodgings, so we had left it to James Uniacke.

"I would find her fifty," answered Lady Barbara, "if but you would let me."

We spent the evening at Lady Barbara's lodgings, I very well content to play the harp for my own delight while my elders talked by the fire. We stayed late. As we left, the chime of St. Mary's Abbey in the distance rang midnight, and we heard the cry of the watchman dwindle as he went on his way.

It was but a step to our lodgings, and we had no thought of any

unpleasant adventures. But as we crossed the hilly street that ran down from our feet to the river, we were suddenly caught into the midst of a mob of brawlers in fine clothes, carrying torches, who surrounded us, and began to mock us as citizens who had no business to be abroad at such an hour and deserved to learn a lesson.

We had heard of these Mohocks from Lady Barbara, and I had trembled at the recital of their deeds, which were cruel and savage enough for the vilest criminals of the city, although their perpetrators were men of fashion and nobly born. Indeed, they seemed to fear neither God nor man, and I confess I trembled when I found myself in the grasp of a pair of them who were half-tipsy and reeled while they jested rudely concerning me. But my chief fear even then was lest they should hurt my father. "I am the Lord Uniacke!" he cried, clapping his hand on his sword. "Let us pass, knaves!" But at the moment they drew something over his head which extinguished his cries, and with noisy laughter and oaths they pinioned his hands to his sides.

"Oh, sirs, what would you do with him?" I cried, beside myself with fear for him. He

was frail, although he was of so proud and great a spirit, and the indignity would have been enough of itself to kill him.

But I might as well have cried to the winds. The brawlers were making enough noise of themselves to drown my prayer, and, though I could hear windows thrown up overlooking the street and caught a glimpse across the reek of the torches of night-capped heads at them, I had no hope that anyone would interfere with the diversions of the Mohocks. Even the law was powerless—what chance had the Watch against these gentlemen, armed and in their cups? It was true that the only safeguard for peaceful folks was to remain indoors after nightfall; but we had not thought of encountering such a peril.

Suddenly, into the hubbub and laughter someone pushed his way. I looked at him half-dazed. The others wore masks, but his face was



I stooped to kiss my cousin's cheek.

"THE OLD HATRED."

unmasked. It was the gentleman of Lady Barbara's drawing-room. He laid a hand on the silk coat-sleeve of the tallest gentleman there.

"These are a noble gentleman and a noble lady," he said; and what followed I could not hear, for there began such a jostling and swearing and laughing all together that my ears were deafened.

Whatever was said, whatever urged, I know not; yet it had its effect, for in an instant the tall villain was bowing over my hand and asking that he might have the honour of seeing me to my lodging. I was gladder than if he had made me free of the gate of Heaven; and so, holding me by the finger-tips, daintily, as though he led me out to dance, he brought me to the door of the house, and, having handed me within, retired, leaving my poor father, choking with anger, beside me.

God knows that I was relieved enough to forgive them, though my father was not. We saw them from the windows go westward in search of other victims, their torches dancing like fireflies in the night. My father raged helplessly. Doubtless it was to the bettering of his health, as it had been before, when he had said that his anger acted like a blood-letting. I was beginning to think of late that my father's meekness was acquired and not natural; and the unnatural is ever the unwholesome.

I had to tell him of that gentleman whose intervention had saved us such indignities, for it will be remembered that they had stifled my father while their insolence was proceeding.

"Whoever he be," cried my father, "I am his friend for life! I swear it by all things I hold sacred."

I said nothing of having seen him before. I know not why, only that my lips were sealed regarding him. But he was to be revealed soon enough, for as we sat to our morning cup of chocolate Lady Barbara was announced. "So you fell in with the Mohocks last night," she said breathlessly, "and would have had rough usage only that a gentleman interfered to save you."

"You had the news early," said my father.

"The town has it," she replied. "And your deliverer was shot in the right side by the Buck this morning. There were some sharp words spoken last night, in misunderstanding, before the thing was cleared up. They say the Buck is the sorriest man alive that he had to fight; but his honour demanded it."

My father turned pale.

"I would see the gentleman," he said. "Where does he lie?"

"No further than Henrietta Street. And, by the way, I am his messenger. He asks to see you and Ursula while he yet lives."

My father expressed no surprise, feeling, perhaps, that a dying man's humour must be satisfied. "We will come," he answered, rising and taking his three-cornered hat. "Make yourself ready quickly, Ursula. Who is the gentleman, Lady Babs?"

"You will know soon enough. He is as dear to me as my son."

I saw the tears in her bright eyes and loved her the more for it, if that were possible. And yet, if his wound should prove fatal, what woman on earth would have a right to weep save I?

I put on my feathered hat, and my cloak of puce carmelite, which wrapped me to the feet, hiding the roses and lilies of my gown; and Lady Barbara and I, taking an arm of my father, walked the little distance that separated us from Henrietta Street.

All three of us were ushered into the chamber where our deliverer lay with his eyes watching the door, and as we came in they filled with satisfaction. But, lest he should see my face so wrung with love and pity, I moved a little away behind the head of his couch, while my father went straight to him and kissed his cheek in the foreign fashion.

"My daughter and I are yours for ever, sir," he said.

Then I saw that the sick gentleman had a parchment with many great seals dangling from it under his hand.

"I sent for you, Lord Uniacke," he said, speaking with difficulty, "to restore you this in case my wound should not heal. My stewardship may be nearly at an end."

"Your stewardship?" repeated my father, staring and reaching absently for the parchment.

"I took the title-deeds," the other said, "lest my brother Ralph should have them. What did you not know that Ralph had come home from the Low Countries, more loose-living than ever, and yet a zealot. I pray I may still live, for your sake, to hold the deeds safe."

"You are . . . James Uniacke?" said my father, stammering.

"I am James Uniacke. I tried to tell you, but you would neither see me nor read my letter, that I but took your deeds in trust, for fear of Ralph. Will you not go back to Dare?"

Then my father slowly replaced the deeds where they had lain above the bandages and closed the pale hand upon them.

"Keep them for us," he said. "Live to keep your trust, and we will travel back to Dare together."

Then I saw a light of joy break over the dear and noble face, which happily now is never far from me. But his eyes strained back as though he sought something. I came forward a step or two, and my father took my hand. "Salute your kinsman, Ursula," he said. "The old feud between Burren and Dare is over for ever."

I stooped to kiss my cousin's cheek, but he turned his face to mine and our lips met.

"Live for me," I whispered, and knew not if I spoke the words or only thought them. But he heard them—in his heart, perhaps.

"I will live, beloved," he answered.

After all, I left Dare only for Burren; nor was my father lonely, for soon after I was a happy wedded wife he brought home the Lady Barbara De La Poer as his bride.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is said that a new book by Rudyard Kipling is expected before the autumn, and that he has decided not to serialise it in any magazine. It would seem that some successful authors are becoming convinced that serialising their works tends to injure the book-sales.

It is not given to every writer to penetrate into the Royal nurseries. Miss Myra Hamilton has, however, achieved this distinction with her

recently published volume of fairy-tales. Copies of the book (which is entitled "Fancy Far Land") have been graciously accepted by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on behalf of her children, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, and Princess Victoria of York. Miss Hamilton, who is the step-daughter of Mr. A. W. Pinero, has written a large number of short stories in the principal magazines. These have attracted a considerable amount of attention. The well-known "Pinero Birthday - Book," which appeared a year or two ago, was also compiled by Miss Hamilton.



MISS MYRA HAMILTON,
WHOSE BOOK, "FANCY FAR LAND," IS BEING USED IN THE
ROYAL NURSERIES.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Mr. Arthur Ollivant, the author of "Ow'd Bob," a very pleasing and striking novel, with a dog for its hero, which had considerable success in this country and enjoyed almost a phenomenal "boom" in the United States, has completed a new story, which he entitles "Danny." It will appear first as a serial in Mr. Murray's *Monthly Review*.

The second volume of the translation of Dr. Brandes's "The Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" is almost ready. Mr. Heinemann hopes to publish it very shortly. The title of the work is "The Romantic School in Germany."

Miss Isa Duffas Hardy is engaged upon a new novel with the taking title of "Man, Woman, and Fate." Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish the book in the autumn.

Mr. Bernhardt Berenson, the well-known art-critic and writer, is engaged upon an important work on Art to be published by Mr. Murray. The book will, I understand, be very fully illustrated.

A very interesting work that Mr. Heinemann will have ready for publication probably in April is the first English translation made of the verbatim Latin text of the trial of Joan of Arc. This manuscript was discovered in France only some fifty years ago, when it was translated into French by Quicherat for a learned society in Paris. The whole record is an exact and complete biographical account taken on oath at the trial as evidence. The publisher has been advised by some of our leading historians that this work will become of permanent historical import.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have recently attempted a solution of the problem of why a book sells. They have appealed direct to a number of buyers of Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," asking them why they purchased copies of the novel. Nearly fifteen hundred persons replied to their appeal, and, although a certain number gave "frivolous reasons," over seven hundred answered that it was the favourable comments of friends who had read the work which induced them to do likewise. Those who had been influenced by advertisements or reviews, or by both, totalled four hundred and sixty-eight, and, while eighty-six had turned to the book induced by a knowledge of the writer's previous efforts, almost a like number had read the novel in serial form and desired the volume in consequence.

Sousa has just completed a novel, "a musical love-story," entitled "The Fifth String," which is to be published shortly on both sides of the Atlantic. It is said to be a "story of a marvellous violin, of a wonderful love, of a strange temptation, and what came of them all."

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the author of "China in Transformation," has written an important new work which Messrs. Macmillan will issue very shortly, entitled "The Mastery of the Pacific." o. o.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"MEMORY'S GARDEN."

THOSE who know Mr. Robert Newman only as an entrepreneur at Queen's Hall (both Great and Small) are doubtless somewhat surprised to find him adding to his managerial cares by taking a theatre. Like most properly constructed business-men, however, he knows a good article when he sees it, and, feeling that a certain



MISS DAISY THIMM, THE PRETTY INGÈNU IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

play read to him by its authors, Messrs. Albert Chevalier and Tom Gallon, was a real good thing—a piece deserving to make money, whether it does or not—he acquired the rights thereof. He confesses that, when he was first asked to hear this play read, he felt that he would rather not, as he did not want to be bothered with more management. Having made a sort of promise, however, he had to keep it, but in his heart of hearts, he tells me, he hoped he would not like it. Presently, however, he became deeply interested; this interest became crescendo till the finish, when he promptly arranged to produce the play, and anon secured the Comedy Theatre for that purpose.

Pending *The Sketch's* more detailed notice next week, I may here state that this new play—now prettily called "Memory's Garden," but formerly possessing a very injudicious title—is what may be called a truly rural play. It is full of a growing dramatic interest of "The Vicar of Wakefield" type. This interest chiefly revolves around the Rev. Mr. Cartwright, a fine character, played by Mr. William Mackintosh; his charming, middle-aged wife, represented by Miss Carlotta Addison; his ebullient son, George, impersonated by Mr. Alfred Kendrick; his eighteen-year-old ward, Phyllis, and another eighteen-year-old heroine, named Jessie Ferbridge, respectively allotted to Miss Daisy Thimm and Miss Nora Lancaster, the clever eighteen-year-old daughters of two clever mothers. Mixed up with this is a troublesome "friend," by name Dick Miller, played by Mr. Bassett Roe. This character is not a "villain." Indeed, there is no actual bold, bad man in the piece, the authors apparently holding with the assertion in one of George Meredith's poems—

In tragic life, God wot!
There needs no villain—passions spin the plot.

Not that Messrs. Chevalier and Gallon's play is tragic. Its pathos, however, is intense, culminating in a very powerful situation. The root-idea, as one may express it, of the clergyman, now falling into the sere and yellow leaf, digging ever and ever deeper into "Memory's Garden," and at last unearthing a rich treasure, is daintily and artistically expressed.

In order to lend increased effect to this prettily mounted and well-cast play, Mr. Newman has made an arrangement that should add to the

enjoyment of playgoers as well as help to draw many of his regular music-loving clients. That is to say, he has engaged to interpret Mr. W. H. Reed's special music many of the best of his Queen's Hall instrumentalists for the Comedy orchestra, the conductor being Mr. Arthur W. Payne.

"Sherlock Holmes," the successful drama by Messrs. William Gillette and Conan Doyle, will, in consequence of the continuous heavy booking, remain in the Lyceum bills until

THE RETURN OF SIR HENRY IRVING.

That is to say, its run will finish on Saturday, April 12, and Sir Henry will reappear on Monday, the 14th. As *Sketch* readers were months ago informed, Sir Henry will revive "Faust," with himself as Mephistopheles and without Miss Ellen Terry as Margaret. The fact that Miss Terry has decided to abandon the characters of Margaret and Olivia—but to return to Sir Henry for all her other successful parts—was published in a *Sketch* interview with that gifted lady as far back as last August. During her temporary absence from the Lyceum, when her place will be taken by Miss Cecilia (formerly "Cissy") Loftus, Miss Terry will go on a short suburban tour.

The Lyceum's next autumn season will be run by (or rather, for) Miss Nance O'Neil, a young and majestic American actress, who will impersonate such important rôles as Magda, Fedora, and Lady Macbeth.

Both Mr. Charles Wyndham at his lovely theatre in the Charing Cross Road and Mr. Hare at Mr. Wyndham's other theatre, the Criterion, announce the last nights of their respective attractions, namely, "The Tyranny of Tears" and "A Pair of Spectacles." Mr. Wyndham will go holiday-making on the Continent awhile, and Mr. Hare will anon start touring.

At Wyndham's Theatre, you will, in the course of a week or two, see Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as her own Manager. This popular lady will start with a Triple Bill, including the old Irish farce, called "Irish Assurance" (with Mr. Leonard Boyne in the chief part), Mr. Tree's recent purchase, that powerful two-scene French play, "Au Téléphone," and Mrs. Tree's recent similar purchase, the puzzling two-act French play, entitled "L'Enigme." Mr. Charles Warner will be the leading man in both these pieces.

Again is it reported that Mr. Lewis Waller is about to produce the new adaptation of "Ruy Blas" which has been prepared for him by Mr. John Davidson the poet. It is now said that Mr. Waller will produce this drama, after the run of "Mademoiselle Mars," at the Imperial. This splendid production of Mrs. Langtry's, lately witnessed by our King, is now, I learn, doing fine business.

That excellent play, "Becky Sharp," must presently be withdrawn from the Prince of Wales's, in order that Miss Marie Tempest may, after a rest, go a-touring. It will be replaced on or about the 27th inst. by "The Country Mouse," a new comedy written by Mr. Arthur Law, author of that droll comedy, "The New Boy." The leading feminine rôle in "A Country Mouse" will be enacted by that clever actress Miss Annie Hughes.



MISS CECILIA ("CISSY") LOFTUS, TO PLAY MARGARET IN SIR HENRY IRVING'S REVIVAL OF "FAUST," AT THE LYCEUM.

Photograph by Savory, New York.

CHARMING PERFORMERS WHO AIDED CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.



MISS FAY WOODHOUSE,
IN "THE RELEASE OF THE PRINCESSES."



MISS VIOLA TAYLOR,
IN "THE RELEASE OF THE PRINCESSES."



MRS. PERCY COLLINS,
WHO TOOK PART IN THE TABLEUX.

THE ball-room of the Savoy Hotel was transformed into a pretty little theatre, decorated with palms and flowers, and lighted by amber-shaded electric lamps, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, when the attractive entertainment organised by Mrs. Cecil Powney and Mrs. Penn Curzon in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Nursing Home drew crowded and fashionable audiences to each of the four performances. In addition to a one-Act play specially written for the occasion by Mr. Frankfort Moore, recitations by Mr. Lewis Waller, and the delightful dancing of Miss Viola Tree, a series of most artistic original tableaux was presented. Mr. G. F. Frampton, A.R.A., was responsible for the grouping and arrangement of "St. Elizabeth," "The Wounded Knight," and "A Coronation"; Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A., for "The Pied Piper," "The Lady of Shalott," and "A Japanese Fête"; and Mr. J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., for "The Career of a Duchess" (in three



MRS CECIL POWNEY,
ONE OF THE ORGANISERS AND PERFORMERS.

scenes) and "The Release of the Princesses." It need scarcely be said that under such auspices the tableaux were of a most striking and beautiful description, the more so that they were not representations of any particular picture, but original schemes of grouping and colour designed by these distinguished artists. It is impossible to make a distinction where all were superlative, but one may say that Mr. Shannon's "Career of a Duchess," in which the artist's daughter made a bewitching picture, was of a quite novel kind, seeing that the characters, in place of merely maintaining statuesque attitudes, changed their positions as occasion required. In fact, the story of the "lost Gainsborough" was told in dumb-show, the burglar this time being Mr. Phil May, in a most realistic get-up. "The Lady of Shalott," represented by Mrs. Stuart Samuel, was an admirable tableau, as was also "St. Elizabeth," in which Viscountess Parker, Mrs. Penn Curzon, and Lady Stuart took part.



MISS KITTY SHANNON
AS GAINSBOROUGH'S "DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE."



MRS. PENN CURZON,
ONE OF THE ORGANISERS AND PERFORMERS.
Photographs by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.



LADY STUART,
IN THE TABLEAU OF "ST. ELIZABETH."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*In Frosty Weather—Another American Invasion—Bicycles on Tram-cars—
A Start at Home—The Starley Memorial—Century Riders.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 19, 6.20; Thursday, 6.22; Friday, 6.23; Saturday, 6.25; Sunday, 6.27; Monday, 6.29; Tuesday, 6.30.

At the time of writing, the whole countryside is in the grip of frost. Yesterday, I went out in the early morning for a spin. The fields were covered with rime, and the branches of the trees, which often in winter months present long and lean arms, seemed girt with silver, and one copse-side was as beautiful as a pantomime bower. I jaunted for about three hours, and encountered a number of cyclists, but they were all men who were using their machines to take them to business. That, of course, is an admirable use. What I missed, however, were fellow-cyclists out for pleasurable exercise. In the afternoon, I met a friend and asked, "Have you been on your bike to-day?" The answer was, "Oh, no; it is much too cold!" This is the ordinary, common expression of regret one often hears. Indeed, there is a tinge of foolishness in the remark. It is, of course, unadvisable to cycle in light clothes when a frost is on, and fast wheeling, which is likely to overheat you and so possibly give rise to a chill, is to be deprecated. But a warmly-clad man or woman who knows how to regulate the pace misses a great deal by keeping indoors simply because the air happens to have a chill in it. I am not different from the rest of folks, I fancy, and therefore I will just say that I never go out for a run on a frosty morning without coming home braced-up and invigorated and feeling that I have taken the most excellent of all tonics.

For the last year or two we have seen comparatively little of the American bicycle in England. Some folks say this is because the American machine is not so good as the English machine make. Undoubtedly it is so, if one compares the shoddy rubbish sent over here from an overstocked market with the first-rate bicycles turned out by our great firms. The best English machine is superior to the best American. That, however, does not mean the Americans cannot produce an excellent article. I have ridden much in America and know something of Transatlantic bicycles, and I must say they are excellent. The reason, I believe, American bicycles did not "catch on" was because, while suitable to United States riders, they were not suitable to British. It was not so much that one machine was better or worse than the other, as because they were different. The American manufacturers certainly made a mistake in imagining that what suited riders on their own continent would suit riders in this country. I hear, however, they are altering their ways, and that it is likely this spring there will be another invasion of American-made machines—not American in design and fit-up, but purely English in pattern and requirements.

It is only at long and infrequent intervals one ever sees a trailing-car attached to a bicycle. I suppose there is an antipathy on the part of riders to converting themselves into dray-horses for the purpose of dragging about their wives, or even the charming damsels whom they hope will soon hold that exalted position. If any of my readers are

disposed to purchase a trailer—a neat little carriage with a bar to be attached beneath the bicycle-saddle—but refrain from doing so because of the fear there will be a tremendous amount of exertion required to drag it, they may dismiss that idea from their minds. The trailers now on the market are wonderfully light, exceedingly well made, and it is marvellous how easy they are to pull. There is not more strain than one feels in riding a machine that is fairly laden for touring purposes.

Slowly but, I believe, surely the plan of making provision to carry bicycles on tram-cars is being adopted at home. The system is in general practice in America. In Bristol and Dublin, where it has been adopted on this side the herring-pond, complete success has followed. Provision is made behind the driver of the electric-car to accommodate the rider's machine. In Bristol the same fare is charged as for the rider, whilst in Dublin I believe threepence is charged for whatever the distance may be. We want the system more widely extended. Many ladies who live in highly situated suburbs of our great towns would ride in of a morning to do their purchases, but hesitate to do so because of the long uphill ride home again. Here would be an opportunity of them avoiding that exertion. I am glad to see that the London County Council have the question under consideration. The London cars, however, are poor and dawdling things compared with the magnificently equipped cars such as you find, for instance, at Liverpool. The great thing is that a real start has been made. That is what has been required, and the rest may be left to time.

The great body of cyclists will be glad to hear that the proposal to erect a statue to the memory of the late Mr. Starley is taking definite form. To him, more than to anybody, the great popularity of the wheel is undoubtedly due. I hear that one or two manufacturers are refraining from assisting towards erecting a memorial to Mr. Starley because he belonged to a rival firm. This is rather a narrow view to take of the matter, which, I am certain, will disappear when it is fully understood that the recognition is not to the head of a great firm, but to a man who did so much for the sport in its widest sense. A Coventry Committee has taken the project in hand, and it is intended to erect a statue on Grayfriars Green, in that town. Naturally, those of us who live in London would have liked the statue to be in the Metropolis.

Yet there is a certain fitness that the memorial should be in the town which has been the centre of cycle-manufacture.

There is a disposition in some quarters to start a Century Club in England. I do not think it will be a success. We have not the enthusiasm of the Americans, who have a really prosperous Century Club of their own. Of course, the object is to make the Club runs of never less than a hundred miles, and to encourage long-distance riding. To cover a hundred miles in a day is easier of accomplishment than many folks imagine. One likes, however, to do such a ride when feeling in the vein for it, or to stop short and do half or a third that distance if the inclination is to go steady. It comes rather as a pull to set out with the intention, willy-nilly, of covering a hundred miles. That turns one into a machine rather than a tourist, and, although I am an enthusiastic admirer of long-stayers, I fancy the proposal to establish an English Century Club will come to naught.

J. F. F.



MISS MARGARET FRASER.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheap-side.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The King and Racing.

It is pleasing to hear that the King will give his Derby dinner as usual, and that His Majesty, except on very special occasions, will attend the races as of yore, and not in full State. Of course, the Ascot Procession on the Tuesday and Thursday will be carried out in full State, as it should be, but on the Wednesday and Friday His Majesty will attend the races privately. I know of no more interesting sight than that of His Majesty riding his cob on Newmarket Heath unattended, and I hope the King will continue the practice. No doubt, a sort of State ceremony will be devised for the Goodwood Meeting, as it should be, for the benefit of the South Coast people, who are good patriots. I presume the King will attend the meeting from Osborne, and it is just possible that a procession will be arranged from Drayton to the course. Their Majesties will, as a matter of course, be "attended" at the Epsom Summer Meeting, but I doubt if anything in the shape of a procession will be carried out. Clerks of Courses all over the country are looking forward to a right royal season, and I hope they may get it. If the War were over, it would be very nearly the best racing season on record.

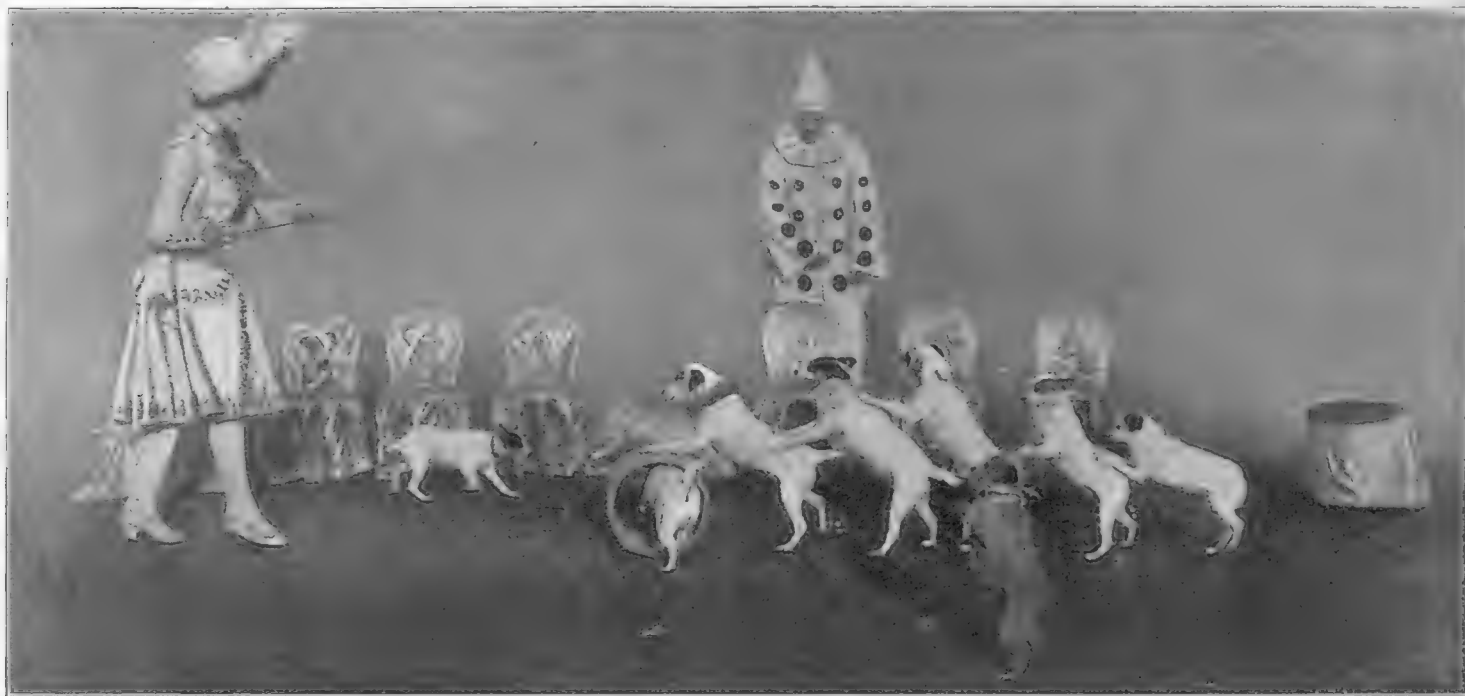
On Betting.

The Lords' Committee on Betting will, if I am not mistaken, find themselves at the end of their labours in the position of the old farmer who took on the claret and

find many of the foreigners condemned, while not a word has been uttered in public to the detriment of English riders. Yet it is only a few years since the Jockey Club felt compelled to take strong measures in the case of certain jockeys, all of whom, I hope, profited by the lesson taught them. Rightly or wrongly, a section of the sporting public believe that certain jockeys ride in the interests not of their employers, but of a gang of backers who, by-the-bye, have made money on the Turf during recent years, despite the wholesale downfall of the favourites. The Stewards can be relied upon to deal out the right sort of punishment if the culprits are found out, but the difficulty is to find them out. The book tells of something being rotten in the state of Denmark.

Futures.

My two fancies, Victor Don for the Lincoln Handicap and Ambush II. for the Grand National, are doing well in their work. The King's chosen was much admired by the Newmarket touts who saw him doing his exercise on the Heath last week. He has grown into a beautiful creature, and it is said that Mr. Lushington is not afraid of the weight given him in the Grand National. I do hope he will win at Liverpool. Mr. Solly Joel has backed Princess Melton to win a lot of money for the Lincoln Handicap. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Joel plunged on Sir Geoffrey previous to that horse's success at Lincoln two years back. I am told that Duke of Westminster will run for the Two Thousand Guineas. If so, he should win. John Porter has several candidates in the Derby, and the local touts are undecided as to which



MIDDLE ADE'S CLEVER TOY-TERRIERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

who got no forrarder. Those witnesses who have taken the high-falutin' tone and argued that only rich men should bet, have, I contend, missed the mark. It would be equally reasonable to argue that, because drink caused a lot of harm in this country, therefore only the champagne men should be allowed to imbibe, while all the four-ale bars should be shut up. A point which I am in duty bound to enforce is this: The little punter is by no means a fool. He backs his opinion after having fortified himself with all the latest procurable intelligence, while the titled millionaire betting on the course seldom thinks for himself, but blindly follows the decoy-ducks who work in the interests of the Ring and themselves. The little "S.-P." punter is termed a nuisance to the Turf by those who want to pluck fat pigeons. Methinks the pluckers are trying to prove too much. The little punter is able to scent danger, while the reckless plunger puts his losses down to his want of luck. It is the Abington Bairds who do a lot of harm to the Turf by unconsciously finding the money with which the "lumberers" are put on their feet.

Jockeys.

We shall soon get the published list of jockeys who are to ride on the flat in 1902. The majority of the American riders will seek fresh fields, but I am very glad that Maher is to be with us once more. By-the-bye, I hope, before granting permits to some of the English jockeys, the Stewards of the Jockey Club will get them to explain the running of certain horses last year. It is absolutely necessary in the interests of the jockeys themselves, as I have frequently heard them denounced in private as thorough-paced rogues. It is a matter for wonder to some of us to

will prove the pick of the basket. Nasturtium has done very little work, but Huggins can be relied on to get the horse fit if he keeps sound. Good accounts come to me from my Newmarket Correspondent of Mr. Joicey's filly, Sterling Balm, who, it will be remembered, beat Lavengro last year at even weights. She is looked upon by some as being a certainty for the Oaks, but a great deal will depend upon the jockey selected to ride.

A Close Time.

Many of the leading owners, bookmakers, and trainers are of opinion that there should be a close time at the winter business, and I think racing might be dispensed with throughout the month of January. As a set-off, the Clerks of Courses could offer more valuable prizes from February to the middle of March, and sport, in the end, would be a good gainer. It is playing the game very low down to offer £40 prizes for the same broken-down platers to compete for week in week out, and, while it would be well-nigh impossible to carry on racing without selling plates and handicaps, I do think that no horse should be allowed to compete in a selling race more than, say, six times. This would give honest owners the chance to get rid of their horses. Further, it would tend to make selling races more interesting than they are now. I hope to see selling and claiming races adopted by all Clerks of Courses before long. The present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* written nearly twenty years since, endeavoured to convince the Jockey Club of the propriety of adopting claiming races in this country. Truly the mills of the gods grind slowly!

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE distinctive craze of the present day is a craving for novelty—a longing that belongs to no particular age, gender, or situation. We are all smitten and all subscribe to it, from duchess to dressmaker, from duke to dustman alike. We change our habitations, as we change our habiliments, with the easy gaiety that



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A GOWN OF CRÉPE-DE-CHINE AND CHIFFON, SILVER-EMBROIDERED.

distinguishes the twentieth-century constitution in most matters, and from our best belongings to our belt-buckles nothing holds a lease except the insatiable appetite for change. Who would have thought of moving house even twice in a lifetime when early Victorian manners prevailed? Who thinks of living in any one place for five consecutive years nowadays? One each month tells the tale of our frocks. (They used to be handed from generation to generation formerly.) One each week reads the riddle of our millinery. No smart woman wears her gloves twice; fewer wear their husbands for a natural lifetime; fewest can bear the monotony of their own oppressive identity, so, take us all in all, we are a restless generation and repose does not dwell with us.

I think I mentioned belt-buckles somewhere in this aimless soliloquy, and, in this particular connection, it may interest novelty-seekers to know that leather belts studded with small diamonds to match the gem-set fastening in front are the newest freak of frolicking fashion. The devices in brass with which harness-makers embellish our beasts of burden are also in use for waist-belts and châtélaines. Pockets are permitted in the new skirts, by the way; so satchels will duly vanish, and pocket-handkerchiefs, no doubt, remain with us—much, it may be supposed, to the sadness of their respective manufacturers. The slump in mouchoirs ought to be considerable if, instead of losing

two daily, which is the average at present, we may once more count on beholding cherished lace-edged cambric back from the wash.

Embroidery, which was for long a lost art, has come back with a rush to our affections now that Parisian dressmakers find its decorative aid indispensable to the complete equipment of dinner-gown or evening-wrap. Some of the coming season's gowns are such marvels of handicraft that they need to be ordered at least two months before required. Many women desire to revert to the old custom of heraldic emblazonments on gown and mantle, and, though Coronation-robes are to follow rigorously laid-down rules of outline, many a Court-gown will indicate its wearer's lineage in the embroidered design, after the fashion of Lady Archibald Campbell's still-remembered Court-train, which had been designed for her by a well-known Irish artist and antiquarian. Not alone for personal but household decoration, however, has the revived art of the needle revisited our moons. The Royal School of Needlework has done much to give us this artistic fillip, and, in creating an employment for educated women of small means, has added besides another laudable reason for its successful existence. It is said there are at least a hundred different stitches in embroidery, all of which are taught in the School's Training Class, so that a generation of skilled workers now arises in our midst which promises to raise the long-neglected art of artistic embroidery to the highest level of ancient handicraft. Side by side with this, one asks why similar technical schools have not been established for the regeneration of the jeweller's, silversmith's, and goldsmith's arts from the slough of



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A COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING.

convention and incompetency into which they have fallen. Furniture-making has had an artistic revival and impetus of late, and the worker in bronze, copper, and other metals of domestic usage variously shows also that he has imbibed some divine afflatus. But jewellery and plate still to a great extent remain the uninspired production of the

mechanic, which should not be. Here one can always except the productions of the Parisian Diamond Company, which, though not employed in the setting of real gems, has with all the more credit raised the standard of imitation jewellery to such a level of excellence that its wide adoption by the better classes of Society is entirely due to the exquisite inventions as well as the conscientious reproductions of its artist-workers. The Parisian Diamond Company has, in fact, created a revolution in the jewellery of the day solely on the merits of its own enterprise and artistic ambition.

This cold weather noticeably affects the smart appearance of the theatres, and, notwithstanding the fact that Royalty has begun to make its much-welcomed *rentrée*, people seem to sensibly prefer safety to suffering colds, so that high-necked frocks largely prevail in stalls and even boxes. To create a really *chic* high-necked evening-gown takes the talent of a first-rate dressmaker, for the shoulders, while covered, should be given the *décolletée* suggestion as much as possible, and it is quite surprising how even lace and chiffon, though apparently ethereal, give all the difference between cold and comfort. I saw a cleverly built confection of dull-pink satin, arranged with high neck and long sleeves, at the play this week. The neck was filled in with closely gathered pink chiffon, over it being an arrangement of lace cut in large diamond-shapes. Each of these appliquéés was bordered with little ruches of white chiffon and connected by a tiny paste button. The effect was quite as smart as if the costume had been *en grande tenue* of marble shoulders and the rest.

In the millinery of coming spring those drooping objects known as "streamers" play a decided part. Streamers of black velvet, pendent ends of lace, and trailing flowers hang from the back and sides of fashionable hats—to my mind an artificial and unbecoming style, but none the less hall-marked as the mode. Some of these velvet or ribbon ends hang almost to the waist, and appear already in Paris shop-windows and at the Monte Carlo Casino—which are the chief reflections of Fashion as she will be—as early as February.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. (Dumfries).—I am sorry your note was not replied to last week. You can get the *Crème Simon* in *flacon pour le voyage* and the *Crème Simon Soap* from any first-rate chemist, and, I dare say, from the Stores. The soap is particularly good.

F. L. (Axminster).—It is very distressing, but what can you expect if you only give such a low price? It always pays better to go to really good firms like Maple, Waring, or Norman and Stacey. The latter supply on the instalment plan, and everything they send out is reliable.

DOLLY B. BENWALL (Newcastle).—The only safe methods of reducing fat are by dieting oneself or by using Madame Gilbert's Emaciatelets, which are effectual and quite harmless. Her address is 200, Regent Street. The Samothrace Corsets are admirably cut. You cannot do better. Tight-lacing is a great mistake. Try either (or both) of the above alternatives.

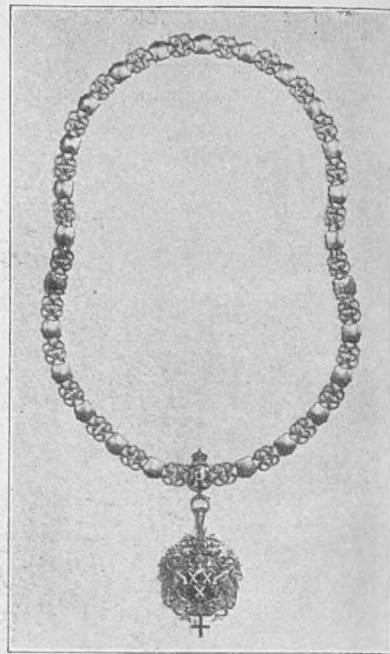
SYBIL.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY AND AT THE SEASIDE.

The Midland Railway Company have just published a handy programme containing particulars of the tourist, week-end, excursion, and other cheap tickets issued during the winter from London (St. Pancras and City and Suburban Stations). This includes, amongst others, the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, St. Albans, Harpenden, Bedford, Southend, Westcliffe-on-Sea, and week-end tickets to Scotland. Cheap tickets are issued each Saturday to Bedford, Olney, Wellingborough, and Kettering. The list also includes long-distance excursions to Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, and other towns. The programme is published gratis and may be had at St. Pancras Station or at any of the numerous Midland Agencies in London.

CHAIN OF OFFICE FOR THE CUTLERS' COMPANY.

At the recent banquet to the Livery of the above important City Company, the Master, Mr. H. R. Boot, who was attended by the Senior Warden, Mr. Algernon Graves, the Junior Warden, Mr. Alfred Dunnage, and the other members of the Court, wore for the first time the chain of office made in commemoration of Her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. The chain, which is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, now carries the handsome badge worn for many years by previous Masters of this most hospitable Company. The design is very elegant and appropriate. In the centre there is an enamelled device commemorative of the Diamond Jubilee, and on each shoulder the arms of the Cutlers' Company, while the links of the chain are composed of gold shields alternating with double "C's" (the initials of the Company). On the former it is intended to inscribe the names of the Masters from 1897 onwards.



CHAIN AND BADGE FOR THE CUTLERS' COMPANY.

Messrs. George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley's adaptation of the French successful drama, "La Fille du Garde-Chasse," has now been named "Hagar." Under this title, if some other playwright does not claim it in the meantime, the drama will be produced by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, next Monday, the 24th inst.

Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Edward German's new comic opera, entitled (as originally stated in *The Sketch* some months ago) "Merrie England," is now in rehearsal at the Savoy, where Mr. William Greet hopes to produce it at Easter. One of the characters will doubtless upset all good Baconians, for it is no other than William Shakspeare, formerly of Stratford-on-Avon, but in this case sojourning around Windsor Castle.

Mr. Martin Harvey, having finished his season at the Avenue, that theatre is now being run by Mr. Frederic A. Stanley, who, pending his production of the long-ago-mentioned new comedy, with Miss Kate Phillips in the leading part, has revived there that charming play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mr. Martin Harvey has this week started another tour at the Métropole, Camberwell.

Inasmuch as the Globe has just been ordered by the London County Council to quit the face of Newcastle Street much sooner than was supposed, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry will have to end their season there in the course of a week or two. By about the time these lines appear in print, they will revive "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," reserving "The Heel of Achilles" for reproduction in a revised form elsewhere some time later.



THE JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS AT THE PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 25.

THE WEEK.

AS we anticipated, there has been a lull in the South African boom, to put it mildly. The account was larger than had been anticipated, and, with three months of War, in all probability, to be faced, it is not surprising that the rush of buyers has somewhat fallen off. For the moment, we must distinctly advise caution. The



BARTIE MINE: NO. 1 SHAFT.

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early birds have all got good profits, and not a few of them are doing their best to secure them, so that not only are there less buyers, but more sellers than there were a few weeks or even days ago.

Generally, the Stock Exchange outlook is cheerful; in all markets—except the West Australian—there is a distinct increase of business, and brokers' tables, which not long ago were bare of correspondence, are now covered every morning with letters. The same story can be read all over the City; it is now possible to get good and even doubtful things underwritten, which it was not before Christmas, and jobbers are willing to take on options and suchlike deals.

The Japanese Treaty is approved of in Capel Court, and Consols were at one time as high as 95, but have slightly fallen away again. In Home Rails, there has been a great deal of talk about the new locomotive-engine valve which Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, has invented, and with which the Great Northern Railway have been experimenting. It is easy to make too much of this sort of thing, and all the wild talk about the annual saving of millions may well be disregarded; it appears, however, after making all proper allowances, that there is some real cause for congratulation among railway shareholders. Whether Mr. Marshall will do for locomotives what triple-expansion did for ocean steamers, time alone can show.

The London Road Car report has adversely influenced the market for omnibus shares, for, as every "Man in the Street" must ask, if the "Twopenny Tube" can make such a difference, what will happen to the Road Car and its great rival, the London General Omnibus Company, when the half-dozen new "Tubes" now projected are in working order?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The photographs of the two Bartie Mine shafts, with natives at work, which, thanks to Mr. A. F. Weeks, we are able to reproduce, give very characteristic views of Jungle mining. The Secretary of the Bartie Gold Syndicate informs us that the mines are situated on the most southerly point of the Gold Coast, and were in the old days worked by the Dutch with slave-labour. The extent of this ancient mining may be judged from the fact that some two thousand five hundred native shafts exist on the property, and some of them were even regularly timbered, which is most unusual on the Gold Coast. The rocks on the sea-shore show the outcrop of the Bartie Main Reef, which can be traced for miles inland.

WEST AFRICANS AND SOUTH.

Skating over the professional West Australian Market, and only stopping at the Miscellaneous Mining Market to suggest that Balkis Lands may not be dear at 4s. 6d., the reduction of capital notwithstanding, the Jungle claims more than passing notice at the hands of the financial critic. It is sometimes scoffingly asked whether there be any West African Market left in these Kaffir-booming days, and the jesters might be surprised if they could be suddenly transported into the Stock Exchange Jungle—surprised to see that there remain more than half-a-hundred jobbers whose bread-and-butter depends on Wassau and Ivory Coast, surprised to see the animation which can be imported into a market which stands on the very verge of the congested Barnato Consols and "Johnnies" triangle.

The claims of West Africa to public attention are now divided among a certain number of well-known Companies. The rubbish has been weeded out to a large extent, and there now remain Wassau and Gold Coast Agency, Ashanti Corporation and Amalgamated, Bibiani and Taquah—to mention six leading shares—into which the speculator can place his money with reasonable hopes of getting a fair run for it. Taquahs and British Gold Coast are looking decidedly healthy, and we are told great things of Gold Coast Agency shares. But, of course, when all is said and done, there is a comparatively small market in Jungle shares, and it is not astonishing that the more versatile Kaffirs should arrogate nearly all the public speculation to themselves.

Kaffirs are now at such high prices as may make anybody pause and ask how much further the advance will be allowed to go. We should have no hesitation in advising sales were it not for that remarkable buoyancy in the market which refuses to let down the favourite gambling counters more than a quarter or so. A reaction would be welcome, healthy, and timely—it is what might fairly be looked for; but there can be no shutting one's eyes to the fact that signs of any sharp relapse are conspicuous by their absence, while the undertone of the Kaffir Circus is unmistakably hard.

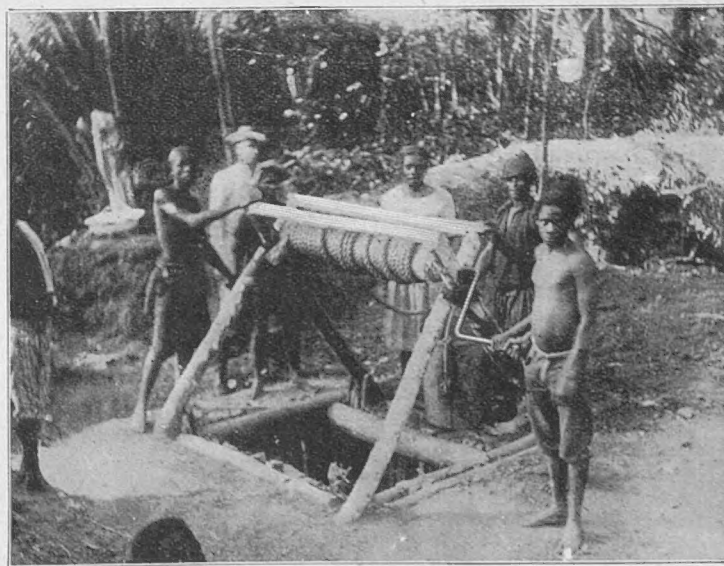
ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It is a relief unspeakable to get away from the madding markets and to settle down for a quiet hour's writing instead of being tossed about on the stormy sea of the Kaffir Market or squashed to death in the Rhodesian department. Other parts of the House are comparatively peaceful in these strenuous African days, but, although the daily papers maintain a stolid devotion to all sections, there is only one in the Stock Exchange which is doing any real business. The strength of Consols, at the time of writing, is fairly well maintained, and my prediction as to the price going to 90 before the end of the year is best not remembered for the time being. Considerable speculation is again afloat as to the form which the new demand for money by the Government will assume. With the investor in his present temper, a 3 per cent. Transvaal Government stock at about 98, with an Imperial guarantee, would probably go like hot pancakes. Of course, it is quite on the cards that full details of the new Loan will be public property before these lines are in print. That is one of the disadvantages one labours under when writing on Saturday for a journal which does not reach its readers until the following Wednesday.

It goes without saying that the investor will have plenty of chances for applying directly a new Loan appears. His brokers and his bankers will see to it that he does not go without a prospectus, duly stamped with their name. And, in this connection, it may be pointed out that the fact of a prospectus bearing the name of a broker does not make the least difference to an applicant in the allotment. Many people fancy that an unstamped form stands a better chance of success, inasmuch as the Company will save the brokerage which they would otherwise pay on a prospectus bearing a broker's stamp. This, however, is quite a fallacy. The amount of commission paid by most new undertakings of reputable order is so comparatively small that no Company would draw any distinction between stamped and unstamped forms, while it must be remembered that to stand well in the estimation of the Stock Exchange is the laudable ambition of nearly every concern. The Bank of England pays an eighth per cent. commission—that is, half-a-crown on the £100—upon most of the loans which it issues, and on Colonial Loans this is also the usual amount. On Corporation stocks the broker expects to receive $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.—on one pound shares, threepence apiece—although in some cases twice as much is paid. Industrial Companies generally let us have a shilling on five-pound shares; occasionally on ten-pounders as well. Doubtful customers are most liberal in their offers, as may be imagined; but few members of the House with any regard at all for their reputations would care to circulate such prospectuses, since the very sending of a prospectus to a client is taken to indicate that the broker considers the thing is at least worth attention.

The alliance between ourselves and the Japs has wonderfully helped that tip of mine the other week anent Japanese 4 per cent. Bonds. I was not expecting more than a couple of points rise, but, lo! the stock has been over 85, some 6 per cent. above what it stood at when the hint was thrown out firstly. At 83, or thereabouts, I still maintain that Jap. Fours make an excellent speculative investment, returning, as they would, over $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money. Chinese issues are sluggishly rising, but it is doubtful whether the alliance will be overmuch to the benefit of Celestials. Talking of Foreign Bonds reminds me of German Three per Cents, which can be picked up at a fraction under 90, and therefore yield very nearly $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. The bonds appear to be well secured, and in course of time should see higher values. They would probably be standing considerably better were it not for the repugnance of our people to buy things flauntingly made in Germany. There is no doubt whatever that this sentiment is largely responsible for the low price of the



BARTIE MINE: NO. 2 SHAFT.

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bonds as compared with similar securities of other European countries. And, as a speculative gamble, let me commend Peruvian Corporation Preference, now about 18, which is being commandeered by French and Belgian operators, who mean, it is said, to make that market hum!

The Yankee list is neglected by the ordinary operator, who prefers being in an active market to dabbling in shares which command but little attention. A year ago, things were very different; but now Yankee jobbers are flocking into the Kaffir Circus, and some of the oldest American firms have started South African "branches." There is a good deal of vague talk about a Yankee boom in the spring, although where it is to come from we are not told. Two things are pretty certain—one, that the British speculator is not going to start a boom on his own account; and, secondly, that the American public are too well acquainted with the blocks of stock held by the financial houses for them, the public, to largely participate in any movement whose main object would be the lightening of these enormous commitments. Still, if the magnates desire a Yankee boom, no doubt they could arrange one quickly enough. There is very little stock on this side of the Atlantic, and I suppose the average American citizen has only to be assured that Morgan or Gates is buying for him to do the same thing. The Steel Trust report is so good that it is hard to resist a reference to it when one has recommended both classes of shares as good purchases at lower quotations. There is a frankness and variety of detail about the document which favourably impresses one, and its draughtsmen do not go out of their way to laud the enterprise to the skies. That the capital is immensely inflated nobody has denied from the Trust's inception; but, unless a very startling decline in the steel and kindred trades should befall, both the Common and the Preferred still appear fair speculations and investments respectively, paying, as they do, 9 and 7 per cent. on the money laid out.

The middle of a Kaffir boomlet may seem a peculiar time to choose for retirement from active business, but my sincere congratulations are herewith tendered to Mr. J. T. Mitchell, who is going to take a rest, although not resigning his membership of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Mitchell's severance from the firm of Kaffir dealers of which he was so hard-working a partner has now taken place, and one of the most familiar figures of the market ceases from active participation in its work for a while, at all events. His nineteen years of membership have naturally won Mr. Mitchell a very large circle of friends in the House, and with those who know him there are few more popular men in the Stock Exchange. His recent management of the Geduld market was a lesson which many of his younger, noisier confrères would do well to take to heart.

After Chartered, there are perhaps few shares more widely held than Randfontein, and the course of the market in these just lately has been a perplexing puzzle. The new issue was allotted almost wholly to shareholders, and was very well applied for, despite the uninviting terms at which it was issued. From the fact that the price of Randfontein hung about an average daily quotation of 3½ while the new shares were being offered at £3 15s. apiece, it was surmised that the Robinson people were not eager for outsiders to take the last lot of shares. Yet, now the allotment is all over, there is no spring in the market, which hangs steadily below 4. Some game appears to be on foot, and Randfontein look better to buy than to sell. Rand Mines, the price of which is now equivalent to about £49 in the old undivided capital, are strangely passed over, and look to me one of the best purchases in the Kaffir Market as long as a buyer can take them up. Carrying over Rand Mines is too expensive a luxury to be profitable. Popular favour is swinging round to Gold shares again, and any continuance of the demand must lead to better figures in, especially, Langlaagte Estate and Wolhuter. Rhodesians, now that the new Charter Trust has been so triumphantly floated, are likely to receive a lot more attention, and I should be very sorry to advise any holder to realise at the present time, because the general opinion as to a coming rise in Rhodesians is not ill-grounded. It is somewhat hastily pointed out that many mines now crushing in the Transvaal are working either at a loss or else at no profit, and, since several of the Rhodesian mines are paying a little more than their way, the market-makers will have this peg to hang their manoeuvres upon. Just before Christmas, this Rhodesian Market looked unutterably dull, but the advent of the Charter Trust changed all that; and the ingenious scheme for re-financing the British South Africa Company has altered the whole aspect of affairs. And we shall have a lot of business in Rhodesians soon, or my name is not

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

The sixty-sixth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held on the 25th inst., and the Chairman must have an easy task in presenting the statement of the Directors. Deservedly the National Provident takes high rank among the great Life Insurance Companies whose management and stability are one of the very bright spots in British finance.

The report of the National Provident is a splendid record of progress. The new policies issued for the year cover the large sum of £540,360, and bring in an additional income of £22,552, while annuities for nearly £4000 have been purchased, for which the Institution has received over £66,000.

During the year 496 policies have fallen due by death, and on 186 of these the bonus additions have amounted to nearly 50 per cent. of the original sums insured.

As this year is the last of the present Quinquennium, and all policies taken out before Nov. 20 will participate in the division of profits, it may safely be anticipated that the volume of business will remain satisfactory. With accumulated funds of over £5,700,000 and a premium income of £436,000, the position of the National Provident Institution may well be considered impregnable.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

DEBENTURE.—You can sleep in peace on all your stocks. Short of war or a Revolution, the collective value of the whole ought to be more in a year or so than to-day. Savoy Hotel Debentures should suit you, or good Colonial Corporation bonds like Wellington Waterworks or Auckland Six per Cent. 1930 bonds.

R. L. AND G. D.—Your letters were fully answered on the 10th inst.

RAILS.—Our advice is to hold on to your stocks.

EDWARD ROBINSON.—The Insurance Company is a small affair but respectable. Of course, it is not to be spoken of in the same breath as the leading offices, but, if you are insured in it, there is no reason to doubt its stability.

JUSTICE.—Take your profit and buy Hendersons.

BUTTERFLY.—The concern has large possibilities, but, for our own money, we should prefer Hendersons, Barnato Consols, or even Oceanas.

ARUNDEL.—We cannot see any prospect of much future value in the Ordinary

shares, but you cannot get rid of them without paying someone about £4 a share to take them. As to a call, there appears no immediate reason to expect one. However much the Company's assets improve, there can hardly be a surplus over and above the amount wanted for the Trustee Preference shares, which will require £40,000 a-year and then take 60 per cent. of any surplus.

W. B.—The Jungle Company is looked upon hopefully in the market, and in the House everybody who deals in them is a bull. We think Liptons are at about their true value just now.

J. A. S. M.—The name and address you wanted were sent to you on the 14th inst. We suggest—subject to our warnings in last week's and in this week's Notes—Henderson's, Transvaal Coal, and Barnato Consols. As to Western Australia we cannot recommend anything.

J. B.—Your letter was answered on the 14th inst.

At the meeting of the Bartie Syndicate, special resolutions for the taking over of the Syndicate's properties and options by the new Company, the Bartie Corporation, Limited, were unanimously confirmed.

BOVRIL, LIMITED.—The report and statement of accounts for the year ending Dec. 31 show a gross profit of £316,187. After deducting all expenses, there remains a net profit of £157,672. This, with the amount brought forward from last year's account, £14,182, makes the amount available for dividend £171,854. After the payment of the interest on Debenture stock and Preference shares, with 7 per cent. on the Ordinaries, the Directors are able to recommend 4 per cent. on the Deferred shares, £25,000 to be placed to reserve, and the balance, £14,354 11s. 6d., to be carried forward to next year's account.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

Ash Wednesday at St. James's Hall was celebrated by a grand Sacred Concert, at which Madame Ella Russell, Madame Hortense Paulsen, Alice Gomez, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Watkins Mills, Mr. Johannes Wolff, and other eminent performers were included. Mr. Venable's choir also assisted.

The Symphony Fantastique of Berlioz, an eccentric production seldom performed, was produced on Tuesday, the 11th, at Cheltenham, where music has of late been much cultivated.

The performances of Purcell's "Masque of Love" and Handel's "Acis and Galatea" have had to be postponed, the artistic requirements not being favourable. I remember, some years ago, Macready produced Handel's favourite pastoral with splendid scenery, but the public taste was not cultivated up to Handel's standard.

The opening of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, will take place early this year, owing to the patrons of that establishment being promised a Wagner cycle this year at the beginning of the season. So few examples of Wagner were performed last year that a request has been made for more works of the Master, several of whose operas will also be given in the suburbs by the Carl Rosa Company.

Gounod's "Redemption" was performed at the Albert Hall on Wednesday last by the Royal Choral Society, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge. Madame Solvino, Mdle. Ravogli, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Ivor Foster, and Mr. Daniel Price were the soloists.

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE."

That picturesque play, "The Twin Sister," will presently be succeeded at the Duke of York's by the new comedy which, as I stated long ago, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones had arranged to write for Mr. Charles Frohman. This comedy has been entitled "The Princess's Nose." The Princess will be played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh (who made such a great success in "The Gay Lord Quex"), and the Prince by Mr. H. B. Irving, who is acting so finely in "The Twin Sister." The other principal parts will be enacted by Messrs. Granville Barker, Henry Vibart, and Lennox Pawle; and Misses Gertrude Kingston and M. Caldwell, and the author's daughter, Ethelwynne Arthur-Jones.

MISS MINNIE JEFFS.

I very much regret that, in a recent number of *The Sketch*, the title of "principal boy" at the Kennington Pantomime, "Red Riding Hood," should have been assigned to a lady who did not fill that rôle, the actual "principal boy" having been that well-known and talented actress, Miss Minnie Jeffs. Those playgoers who saw Miss Jeffs in the Kennington Pantomime will agree that the success of Mr. Robert Arthur's dainty production was due in no small measure to Miss Jeffs' clever singing and dancing.

A special concert will be given on the 24th inst. at the Royal College of Music, to celebrate the acceptance by the Prince of Wales of the position as President in succession to his Royal father.

Vol. VI. of the *Traveller* has reached me, that useful and well-got-up journal issued by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited. I recommend all those "for whom the world is a playground" to add this delightful book to their libraries.

Björnsterne Björnson's publisher in Copenhagen, Herr Hegel, recently asked the poet to write him a short autobiography. The result was this: "I was born in 1832, and have been done to death in Christiania many times, the last time in November 1901, but not quite completely."